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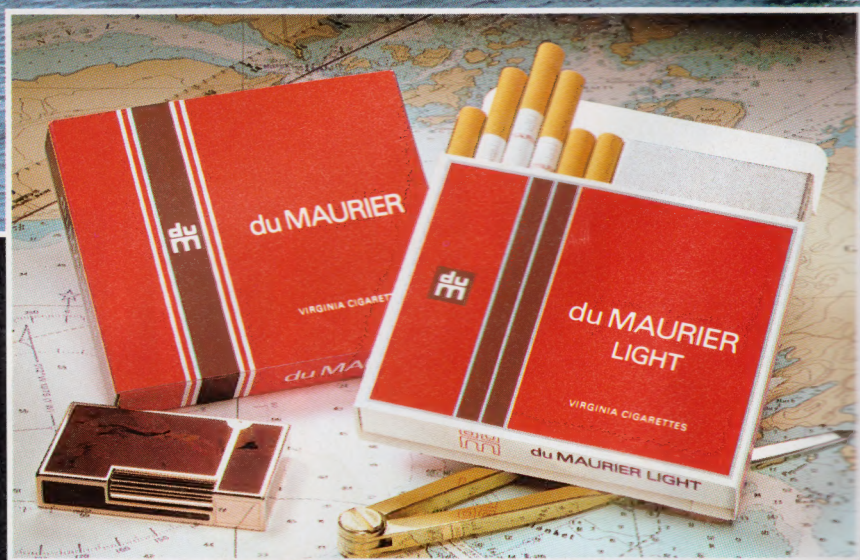
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# Atlantic Insight

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JULY 1985

Vol. 7 No. 7



## COVER STORY

From the air Atlantic Canada seems to be one dense, dark forest. On the ground it's a different story. The pivotal forest industry is in trouble. And unless concerted action is taken soon, the industry could die along with the trees that sustain it.

**PAGE 14**

COVER PHOTO COURTESY OF N.S. DEPT. OF LANDS AND FORESTS



## MUSIC

Five years ago the Chester Brass Band was dying. Then music man Gordon McGowan came on the scene. Now, thanks to him and countless others, Chester, N.S., has North America's second best brass band.

**PAGE 26**

## FOOD AND DRINK

It's time for those sumptuous outdoor feasts. But barbecuing is more than slapping a chunk of meat down. It's an art. Tips on how to do it right, plus recipes. Also, Harry Bruce has some thoughts on that great East Coast glass filler: rum.

**PAGES 28 to 31**



## PHOTOESSAY

*A Day in the Life of Canada* is a brash new concept in photography. One hundred photographers snapped pictures of ordinary life one day — June 8, 1984. We have a selection of the ones taken in Atlantic Canada.

**PAGE 38**



## ART

Karl Hanke has bad memories of war and overpopulation in Europe. Now a resident of Upper Blandford, N.S., he has found his antidote in the quiet coves of the province's South Shore and translated it to his art.

**PAGE 35**

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## PUBLISHER'S LETTER

# Back on time — people and progress at the new *Insight*

It's time for a progress report on the new *Atlantic Insight*.

The new *Insight* carries on with the approach and the strengths which have made the magazine what it is since its founding. We're planning some expanded editorial coverage, but we're continuing all the magazine's regular features which have been so popular.

The July issue is the fourth under Insight Publishing Ltd., the new company which took over the magazine at the end of March. The issues had become habitually late during the troubles and ultimate receivership of the old company. It took a considerable amount of work to catch up. But as you'll see, we're back on schedule. Your copy was put in the mail the last week of June.

To get back into full operation and to catch up on our production schedule has taken tremendous effort from the magazine's staff. Editor Ralph Surette has worked his way through a small mountain of copy for these issues, assisted by John Handforth, Alanna MacIntyre, and more recently Patricia Ann Holland. From time to time Harry Flemming has come in to help.

After working under *Insight's* former art director Bill Richardson, Kevin O'Reilly has taken on the task of art direction and design for the magazine. Kevin is responsible for the visual part of the magazine — the photos, illustrations and so on. He puts the whole package together with the help of Michael Milner.

On the other side of the magazine, the business side, overall management is the responsibility of Margot Sammutok. Margot comes out of the sales and promotion side of *Insight*; now she supervises the business, advertising, circulation and promotion operation. Margot has had valuable support from secretary Joann Bonang.

Coordinating our dealings with our typesetters and our printers is production manager Lorraine Pye. Lorraine has the key task of making sure that all our suppliers keep on schedule — and for dealing with the hundred little problems that inevitably surface in the complex process of putting together a magazine. She's had terrific support from our typesetters, Artistat in Halifax, our film-makers H&I Graphics, and our printer, Ronalds Printing.

We've recently found a new accountant, Mary Savoy, who has quickly got our accounting system in order and made contact with our suppliers and advertising customers.

Our advertisers have been very supportive through this whole transition period. Through our national sales reps, particularly John McGown, Nik Reitz and Jack Fargey, we've kept them in touch with our plans and they've kept us included in theirs.

On circulation, it took us a while to get our computer system functioning properly, and there was a great big backlog of subscriber mail to be processed.

And there were mailings to our subscribers. We had a backlog of subscribers whose subscriptions had expired or were about to expire, who hadn't received notification in the mail. Dealing with this puzzle have been circulation manager Carmen Stewart and her assistants, Heather Lively, Faith Drinnan and Tracy Brown. As of the end of May we were up to date again with our subscribers, and we'd sent out notices to subscribers whose subscriptions were expired — or just about to. And already Carmen and the circulation department were dealing with a flood of responses as readers told us how much they like the magazine and sent back their orders for renewals.

Because we were so far behind with renewals, we decided on an innovation to make direct contact with our readers. Since the beginning of May we have had a dozen people, most of them university students, calling subscribers whose subscriptions have expired or are about to. We filled in our telephone staff on the magazine's operations and plans, and asked them to talk to readers informally to explain why they hadn't received their normal renewal notices in the mail and to ask whether they would like to renew by phone.

The response has been terrific. More than half of the people we're calling say they'd like to renew right on the spot. Many others say they'll send in renewal notices which by now have arrived. More importantly, our telephone staff report that *Insight* readers are telling them how much they like the magazine, and how glad they are that we're continuing to publish.

Summer is usually the slow time in the magazine business. Advertising dips temporarily; the mail slows down. Meanwhile the magazine staff are busy preparing for heavy fall issues, for the pre-Christmas circulation drive, and for getting special promotions underway. So now we're busier than usual, working to make the new *Insight* everything the magazine ever has been — and more, much more.

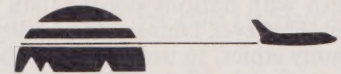
— James Lorimer

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Many people appreciate the opportunity to be made aware of new ideas and services.

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Please include the address label from a recent issue.



## FEEDBACK

### The inspiring Heath Reeves

Thought I'd write you a few lines to say how much I enjoyed reading the article "A magnificent disability", in your March issue. I don't have a physical disability but I found it inspiring and helpful to read about the courage of Heath Reeves. He is truly a "magnificent" person. I find the magazine very interesting and look forward to receiving it each month.

Janet Shortt  
Lower Sackville, N.S.

### The politics of starvation

I would like to commend Ralph Surette for his article entitled, *Let them eat crummy ethics: the moral root of starvation* (April 1985). I do believe that we in the western world have a moral obligation to share our incredible resources and wealth with nations poorer than ourselves. However, I think that morality, (or crummy ethics, to use Surette's label) is but one aspect of the world's hunger problems. Other variables in the creation of hunger do include irrational defence spending, as indicated by Surette, but are compounded by the West's continual exploitative "colonial" attitude toward the Third World. As long as we in the West continue to "cash-crop" in places like Ethiopia, knowing full well the prevailing climatic conditions at the time and the disastrous consequences of such action, we will continue to create starvation in a world perfectly able to feed everyone. Sadly, many of the realizations dawn too late in the public eye to be able to reverse the results. One can only hope that articles like Surette's will encourage the average Canadian to take more than a superficial view of the politics of starvation.

Gayle M. MacDonald  
Fredericton, N.B.

### Late issue problem

I'm delighted to receive such a fat copy of the "Insight". I hope financial problems have been ironed out. What I don't understand is why the April issue, which arrived today (May 2nd) carried an April calendar of events which are all finished by the time I read them. Why don't you put the following month's calendar in each issue, since the issues are always late arriving? Otherwise you might as well drop the "Calendar" and use the space for something else. Otherwise, it's a great issue.

Marilyn MacDonald  
Antigonish, Nova Scotia

*Ed. note:* We're working hard to disprove the notion that *Atlantic Insight* is "always late arriving." The magazine should be on time — that is, at the beginning of the month of publication — starting any time now.

### Yes to Irving. No to unions

I'd like to thank you for producing your splendid magazine. As a former Maritimer, I find it exhilarating and informative. Keep up the good work. I just read the article about unions (*Irving stonewalls unions* April, 1985) Hurrah for Irving! The general public has become fed up with these arrogant unions. They are full of men with big mouths and seemingly few brains who spout off blatantly about how badly they are being treated (perhaps they're getting a nickle less than their counterparts in Vancouver). Then they go on strike — out on the street spewing their rhetoric until they get at least six cents more. They always time strikes to ensure they will cause the most inconvenience and loss for most people — the citizens who have no argument with these people at all. I'm glad, and I'm sure many thousands of decent persons are glad, that Irving takes such a stand. I wish there were more Irvings.

John Kaye  
Toronto

### "Good heart"

I enjoyed the April 1985 issue of *Atlantic Insight*. The stories by Ralph Surette and Denise Brun, *A special response to the African famine* and Ralph's column pointed out a fundamental strength expressed by the people of Atlantic Canada. It is something that I and my family have experienced personally since we came to live in this region last summer. I would describe it as "good heart." This generous manifestation of human spirit in Atlantic people has undoubtedly been made strong over the years in response to the very real difficulties of surviving and improving things here. It is the reason people of this region experience the suffering of others around the world as if it were their own, and why they respond to that suffering in practical ways. Helping others seems to be a way of life here. Of course, it is no secret that there is a fair amount of petty-mindedness here as well. One tends to create boundaries in one's own mind between those one is open to and those one is not, based on ethnic background, language, religion or personal competition. These mental boundaries can tend to make people share their good heart only with those who "belong," in their opinion, and make them artificially cool towards the rest. I've found that one has to acknowledge and respect these boundaries, yet, even in the presence of differences, it is possible to make a heart to heart connection with others. When this happens, individual differences become an enrichment to appreciate in the relationship. So I would like to thank everyone in this part of the world for their basic goodness. May its expression only increase.

Douglas Beall  
Halifax, N.S.

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(Don Nelson, Information Superintendent, Scott Paper Ltd.)

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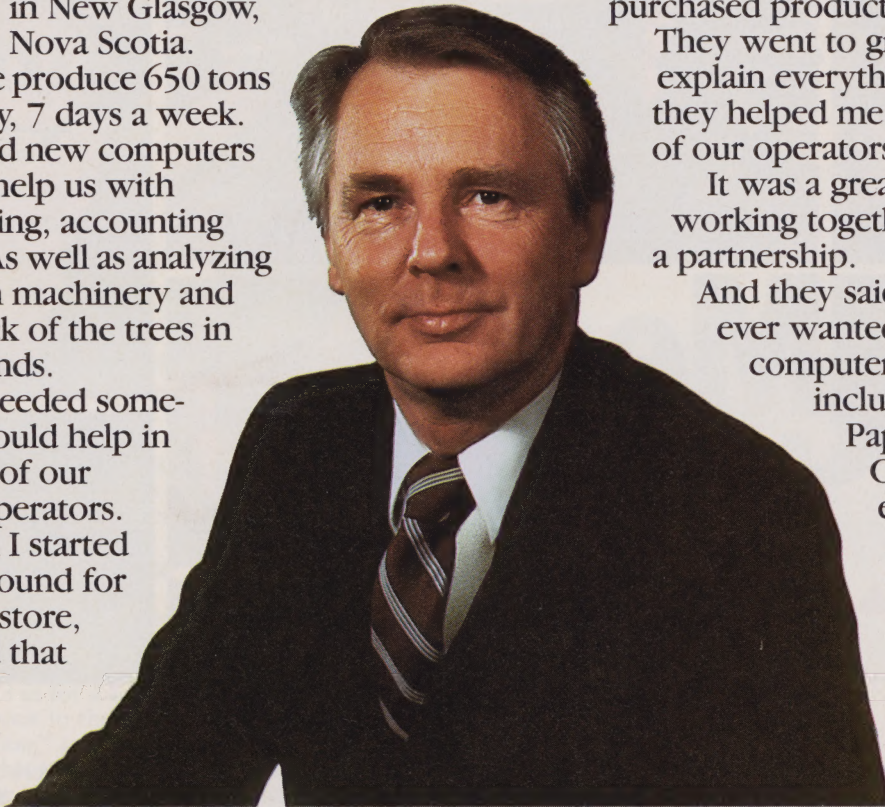
And they said that if we ever wanted to expand our computer operation to include other Scott Paper Mills,

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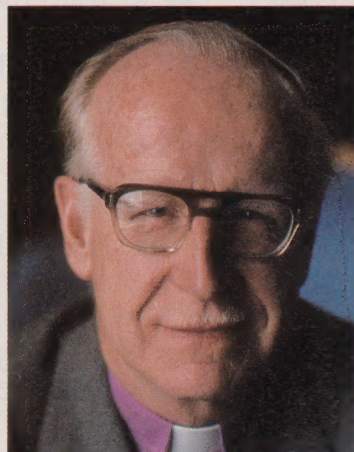
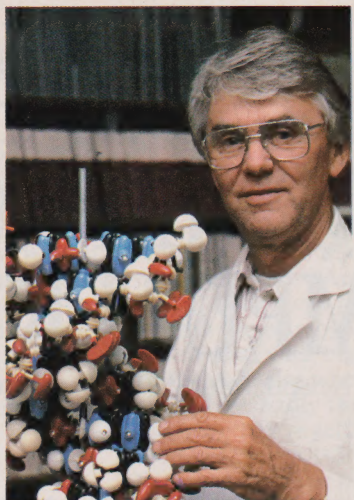
The people at ComputerLand went out of their way to solve our computer needs.”



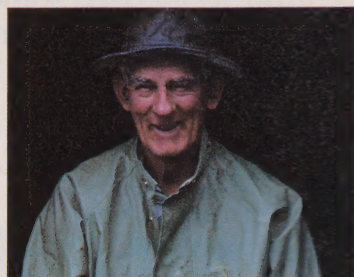
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# Meet the people



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And, of course, the ordinary people, salt of the earth. (But watch our "Folks" pages and some of those ordinary people aren't so ordinary after all!)

The men and women who live and work in the four provinces are endlessly fascinating. Which should come as no surprise when you consider their ancestors.

Their forefathers were pioneers in every sense of the word. Many were looking for new frontiers — physical, spiritual, intellectual. They were seekers after freedom — in all its meanings. And their drive and determination have been handed down through generations.

There is nothing as interesting as people. Absolutely nothing as interesting as the passing parade featured every month in *Atlantic Insight*.

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# Old England's "real ale" from a very small brewery

*Kevin Keefe claims his warmer, flatter, natural brew is good for what ails you, and without aftereffects. Whatever. His pub brew Ginger's Best is selling like, well, cool beer on a warm day*

by Catherine Jacob

If you love beer but hate hangovers, Kevin Keefe, owner of Ginger's Tavern, claims to have the brew for you. It is an all-grain ale brewed with only natural ingredients. It contains no chemical additives, isn't artificially carbonated and, according to Keefe, won't give you that horrible morning-after feeling. He should know; he brews it himself right on the premises.

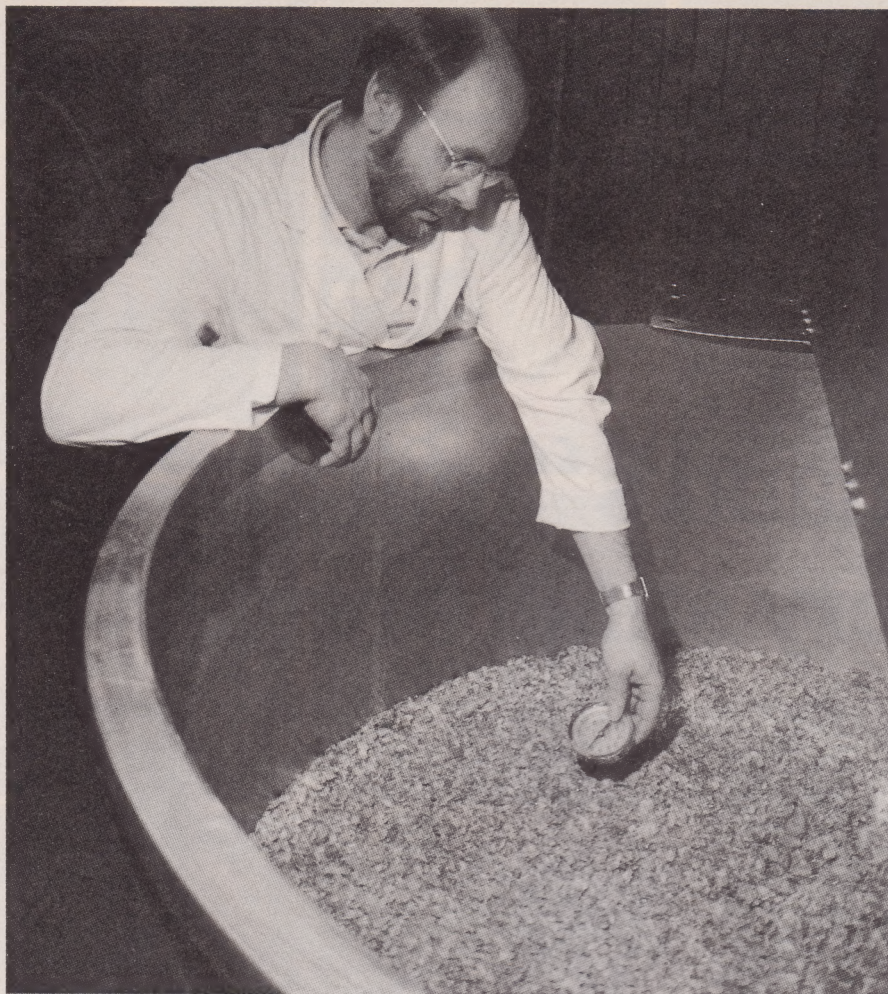
If you're looking for something that tastes like the Keith's you have in your fridge at home, you're in for a surprise. "It's quite a shock to the system of a normal beer drinker," says Keefe. If you expect an ale that tastes like the stuff you brew in your basement, you're warmer. So is "Ginger's Best." Served at 45 degrees Fahrenheit, it is warmer than the average Canadian ale but 10 degrees cooler than the British ale it's styled after — "a gesture to Canadian tastes," he says. It has the same alcohol content as locally produced draught at 4.8 to 5 per cent.

Those who like their beer cold and fizzy complain that the ale is flat. "I'm not trying to convert anyone," says Keefe. He still intends to sell all kinds of beer in the tavern. "I'm trying to expand the market for people who are looking for something different." Because of its natural carbonation, Ginger's Best has a smoother, lighter taste. One beer aficionado who brews the occasional batch in his basement gives it his nod of approval. "It's very British," he says.



CRAIG WEISS





Kevin Keefe operates his tiny two-room "Granite Brewery" at the back of his tavern. His equipment came from a brew pub in Winchester, England. He resisted the temptation to purchase state-of-the-art computerized equipment. He wanted something simple and easy to repair. "It's a real traditional system," he says. "People brewed like this 200 years ago."

Keefe uses Canadian barley malt which is crushed in a roller mill and poured into a 120-gallon vessel called a "mash tun." The grain is soaked in water treated with gypsum to harden it. Ale requires hard water, says Keefe. The resulting liquid, called wort, is then pumped into the "brew kettle" where he adds two kinds of hops. The hops, from Yakima, Washington, add flavor and aroma and are boiled with the wort for about an hour. The liquid is then cooled slightly and transferred to one of three 180-gallon fermentation tanks.

The whole process takes about two weeks, a week of fermentation and a week in a conditioning tank. During the conditioning process "finings" — particles of a gelatin called isinglass — are added. This is a centuries-old method of clearing away the yeast cells and it gives the ale its clarity and

brightness.

It's the hands-on aspect of brewing this way that appeals to Keefe. "What I really like about it is, I'm manufacturing something. I like the idea of taking a raw material, processing it and converting it into a retail product." The Granite Brewery can produce a maximum of three 180-gallon batches at a time.

Keefe learned the art of brewing at Ringwood Brewery in the south of England. For six weeks he immersed himself in the traditions of making what the British call "real ale." He visited small breweries and brew pubs in England, Western Canada and the United States.

But aside from the romance of running a traditional English brewery, Keefe had practical reasons for converting Ginger's Tavern into a brew pub. "There's been a great number of taverns open in the last five years," he says. "The market is just getting so thin. I wanted a way to keep this place vital, keep everybody working, and keep it making money."

Ginger's tried to keep ahead by offering entertainment. But the weekly rock and roll bands were costing too much and Keefe wanted to keep his prices low. "A tavern can't be an



entertainment place because there isn't enough money to justify it. A tavern is where you go to get inexpensive food, you meet your friends, you talk and you drink beer." Keefe hopes that 'Ginger's Best' will give him the edge he needs. He's not worried that his competitors will all try to get in on the act, he says, because opening a brew pub takes too much time, too much commitment and too much money.

Getting the Granite Brewery off the ground was no easy task; licensing alone took a year. The brew pub is a relatively new phenomenon in Canada. The first opened just two years ago in Vancouver and so far British Columbia, Manitoba, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland are the only provinces





where they are legal.

The capital cost of getting a small brewery like his started can run from \$50,000 to \$150,000, says Keefe.

Although the figures aren't in yet, he estimates his costs will have been on the lower end of that scale.

"It's a tough business," he adds. Initially, he was brewing three to five times a week and putting in 15-hour days just to try and develop the right formula. He dumped out eight batches before he was satisfied.

Ginger's Best sells for \$1.50 a glass and is doing well. Without any advertising, Keefe is already selling about 500 glasses of the brew a day. "I'm actually surprised at how well it's selling," he says. And sales in general are

up 20 per cent. Keefe hopes to do at least two brews every 10 days and to increase his total sales by about 25 per cent.

In a white lab coat and yellow sailing boots, Keefe measures the temperature of his latest brew as it spills into the fermenting tank. The yeasty smell of hot ale permeates the tiny brewery. It is easy to see that Keefe is excited about his new role as owner and head brewer of the Granite Brewery. "I really believe in beer," he says. "I think it's a great product. I think people should drink more of it. I think it's good for you." That may be a disputable point. What isn't arguable is that Ginger's Best is good for Kevin Keefe. **C**

Left: Brewmaster Kevin Keefe checks the reading in his "mash tun" where the grain is soaked before adding the hops

Above: Ginger's manager and bartender, Rick McInnis serves the British-style brew



# No desks, no grades: the new education is back

*At the Dalhousie University Elementary School, tots learn how to build a house. There's no division of subject materials, and reading and writing are secondary. It looks like chaos but it stimulates little minds*

by Margaret Macpherson

**I**n one room, nine children are clustered around a small table littered with precise measuring tools and bits of intricate machinery. The questions they ask a visiting machinist are surprisingly apt. "What happens if a gear breaks?" "Are you in a union?" "Do men and women get paid the same amount of money?"

In the next room, five pairs of slightly younger children are experimenting with pails hoisted by a double pulley system. Each child has a notebook and while one pulls a string that eventually lifts a pail, the teammate sketches the procedure. Their talking and laughter intermingles with the sound of French conversation coming from behind a closed door.

Methods of educating children have changed greatly in the past 20 years. "No talking, no touching," the rules of the old school, have given way to a new standard. Hands-on learning has become the catchphrase of the 1980s and a private elementary school in the heart of Halifax has embraced that philosophy.

The Dalhousie University Elementary School, located on the Dalhousie campus, has been run by the university's department of education since 1974. Administered by a committee of teachers, parents and the education department, the school adopted various approaches to education in turn since it started up in the mid-1970s.

"Because we have always operated as a

demonstration school, the curriculum mirrored the current views of the education department," says committee chairman Ruth Gamberg. "In 1979 the thematic approach to education was established and it has been the continued theory for the school's program."

Recognized by the provincial department of education as a private school, the institution is funded by tuition fees of \$185 a month. Of the \$65,500 budget for the 1984-85 school year, only \$1,500 was allotted to the school by the education faculty although the university does cover the costs of maintaining the Arts Annex building where the school is housed.

Approximately 35 children are enrolled, with a balance kept among ages and genders. The curriculum is carefully explained to parents prior to enrollment, as is the fact that education students from various universities in the city observe the education approach in action.

Winnie Kwak is one of three teachers at the school. She agrees the activities "could resemble total chaos." But although there are no desks, no grades, no designated classrooms and no rigid division of subject material, the school does have a specific curriculum.

Rather than being structured around traditional subjects — reading, writing, math — the format for each year revolves around a theme. "We work with a huge topic and explore all

aspects of it in depth," said Kwak.

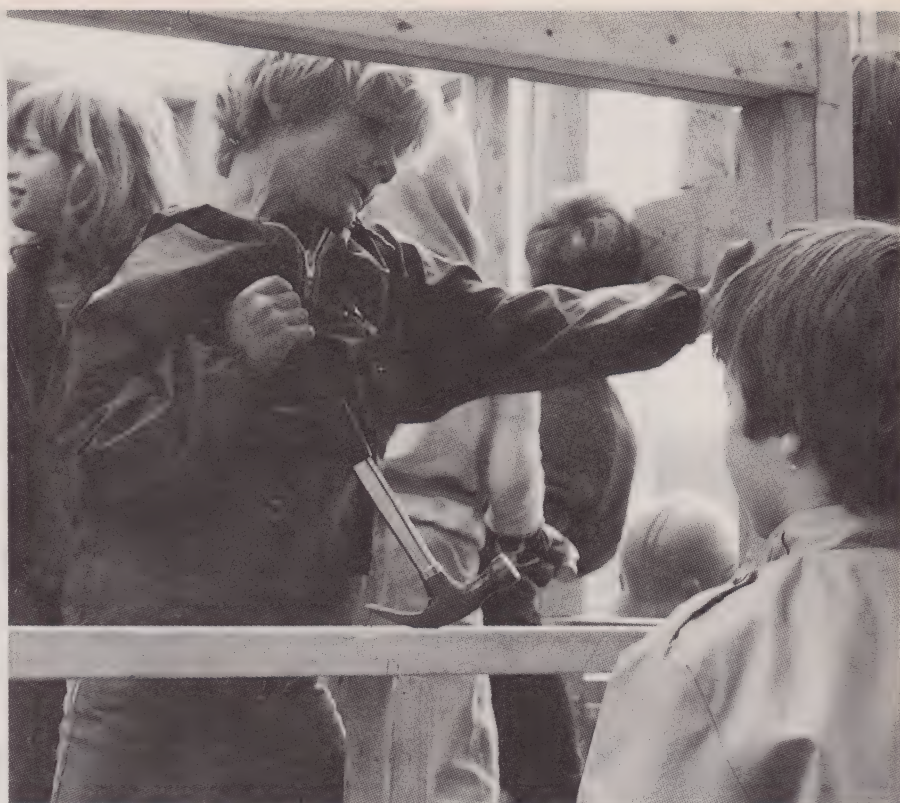
"This year the theme is construction and, rather than just learning how to read and write, children here are learning the adult process of basic problem solving."

"The thematic approach to education gives children a framework to hang their information on," adds part-time teacher Meredith Hutchings. "When we ask them to write down all the tools necessary to build a house, for example, they know that it's more than just an exercise in writing. The children know there's a reason for it and so it's easier to make sense out of the learning."

With the very young children (some are only four years old) the theme for the year is introduced through something called "brainstorm sessions."

"We start out by talking about shelter and houses and how important they are," explains teacher Judy Altheim. "After I write down all their ideas, they copy down the brainstorm session. For some it is their first writing experience and, while their scribbles may not resemble what was originally written down, the ideas are their own and they are learning to think independently."

In education terms, this method of learning how to read and write is called the whole language approach. Reading for meaning, rather than sounding out words phonetically, encourages understanding of real ideas



Hands-on learning: hammer and nails as well as reading and writing

PAUL CHISLETT



that children can relate to. "We do not emphasize accuracy here," adds Altheim. "By writing, then reading to a partner, accuracy will eventually come."

While the "yongs" are learning the rudiments of reading and writing, children in the other two groups, called "middles" and "olds" are putting their newly acquired knowledge into practice. Field trips over the last school year have taken 20 children to various construction sites where questions dreamed up in brainstorm sessions are asked of actual construction workers. Furiously written down in notebooks, answers to questions such as "How far apart do studs have to be?" are applied in the construction of model houses. Each cardboard model is a variation on the playhouse that is to be built in the playground of the school. All are assembled perfectly to scale, incorporating mathematics into a practical exercise.

To give the children a taste of the municipal process, the teachers took them to see Martin Giddy, the senior architect of the Dalhousie planning department. "It was fun," said Giddy. "I was acting as the city official to give the kids a better understanding of the huge process involved in getting something built."

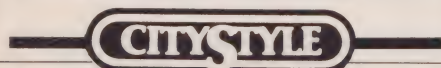
The meeting with Giddy lasted over an hour. And the outcome, after intense discussion about building codes and structural soundness, was a permit for the pupils. Building was soon to begin.

The playhouse went up in a few days with the help of parents. It represents a year of specially structured learning which includes not only the fundamentals of elementary education but the more adult skills of communication and social interaction.

Children who leave the Dalhousie school enter a Grade 5 level of the public school system. "Integration into a regular elementary school doesn't seem to be a problem for our kids," said Kwak. "They leave with a basic knowledge of problem solving."

In addition to offering an alternative to traditional education, the Dalhousie University Elementary School acts as a training ground, and a model, for education students at various universities throughout Halifax. Undergraduates at Dalhousie's dental school came to the classroom and gave a series of talks on dental hygiene. Physical Education students at Dalhousie plan and implement the children's recreational program.

The children at the Dalhousie School are talking and writing about joists and nails rather than Dick and Jane, and the playhouse behind their school is the tangible results of a new approach to education. Hands-on learning built a house. **c**



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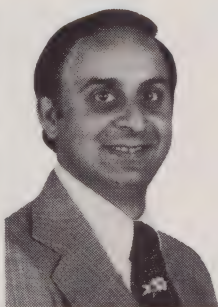
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There's So Much To Sea



by Patricia Ann Holland

When summer doldrums strike city-dwellers, the beaches have lost their initial appeal, and the kids ask "What can we do tomorrow?"; the Halifax-Dartmouth area can provide a variety of solutions — hiking, canoeing, cycling, all within easy reach.

The overriding advantage for local residents and visitors is the easy access to recreational facilities and activities. Take, for example, the North West Arm. Home to ocean-racing yachts and power boats, it has seen the return in recent years of canoes and rowing shells. Instruction programs and canoe rentals are available on both sides of the Arm.

St. Mary's Family Recreation Centre, off Jubilee Road, operates classes for both youngsters and adults at minimal cost through the city recreation department. Canoe rentals can be arranged by the hour or day, or to groups running day camps in the city. A canoe safely holds three adults or a family of four. Life jackets, paddles and advice are included. Canoeing on the Arm requires some caution due to the tide, and the traffic of sail and motor boats.

At the Dingle, across the Arm, mini-camps for youngsters from age 6 to 12 are conducted each weekday morning in July and August, offering nature projects and adventure activities, seashore and pond studies.

Dartmouth boasts 23 lakes and is known for the competitive racing at its major canoe clubs, Banook, MicMac, Senobe and Abenaki. The city's parks and recreation department also offers a free instructional program to promote the safe use of canoes.

Three of the seven Chain Lakes — Charles, MicMac and Banook — are part of the historic Shubenacadie Canal system which, in the 1860s, provided a direct water route between Halifax Harbour and the Bay of Fundy. A project to restore some of the man-made locks is underway through a federal-provincial agreement. In time, it is hoped that canoeists will be able to retrace the route of the Indians along the waterway.

The booklet, *Canoe Routes of Nova Scotia*, rates 12 suitable locations within a short drive. Notes on sea paddling can be requested for a trip to McNab's Island in Halifax Harbour. The information is intended to give an overview of the island. Canoe rentals and outfitters are also listed.

Walking is considered by many medical experts to be the best possible exercise for people of all ages. It can be as simple as a leisurely tour of Point Pleasant Park in the south end of Halifax, or as challenging as a near-wilderness experience in Hemlock Ravine.

Detailed information on the many trails near Halifax-Dartmouth can be

## Salt water canoeing and other treats for a summer's day

found in *Hiking Trails of Nova Scotia*, a joint effort of the Hostelling Association Nova Scotia and the provincial government. Many formal trails have been developed nearby — on McNabs Island, at Jack Lake in Bedford and in Shubie Park, Dartmouth.

Unique in the province is the Old Annapolis Road Hiking Trail on Bowater Mersey Paper Company land near St. Margaret's Bay. Hikers and loggers share the forest of red spruce, fir and maples, though not at the same time. The trail is open from May to September on week nights and weekends only. It is in use for the logging operation at other times.

Within the city limits of Halifax are two parks with historic interest as well as natural beauty. The better known, Fleming Park or "The Dingle" on the



Hemlock Ravine: a forest in the city

North West Arm, commemorates the first elected assembly held in the British Empire — 1758, in Halifax. Always popular for its supervised sandy beach and pleasant walking paths, it has undergone renewed development to accommodate the increasing numbers of people who are staying closer to the city for outings. Now there is a 10-km trail around the Frog Pond, most of it accessible to wheelchairs. Grassy areas have been expanded towards the Armdale Rotary end of the Arm, and a path from the water leads to a height of land that gives an eye-level view of the Dingle Tower.

A relatively new project of City Recreation is Hemlock Ravine, a 200-acre forested area extending from the shore of Bedford Basin inland towards the Bicentennial Highway. The land was originally the site of the summer home of Sir John Wentworth, Nova Scotia's Loyalist Lieutenant Governor from 1792-1806. Today, access to the ravine is easily found from Kent Avenue, opposite the familiar Rotunda or Music Room of Prince's Lodge.

The park was officially opened in June of this year, and George Taylor, outdoor specialist for the Halifax recreation department says it is "the most valuable natural resource in the city... comparable to Stanley Park in Vancouver. The ravine has hemlocks 350 years old."

If Dartmouth is "the city of lakes", then Halifax is "the city of hills." Cyclists would be wise to plan their routes in both cities to reduce the hard pedalling and take advantage of the natural beauty of the parks and water.

The booklet, "Bicycle Tours in Nova Scotia" provides descriptions and maps of Halifax-Dartmouth, and of six tours to the surrounding countryside averaging a distance of 50 kilometres.

Halifax and Dartmouth are justifiably proud of their summer recreation areas which offer something for almost every outdoor enthusiast, be it on land or water. The heritage of the past is being preserved while steps are being taken to plan for the needs of present and future generations.

For further information... *Hiking Trails of Nova Scotia*, found at the N.S. Government Bookstore, Hollis and Sackville Sts., the Trail Shop and bookstores; also *Canoe Routes of Nova Scotia* and *Bicycle Tours of Nova Scotia*. Or call: city of Halifax Recreation Department, 421-7600; County of Halifax, Recreation & Tourism Department, 477-5641; City of Dartmouth, Parks & Recreation, 421-2307; Sport Nova Scotia, 425-5450. **c**





# Women at Dal: after 100 years, is equality here?

A century ago this year, Margaret Newcombe graduated from Dalhousie University. She was the first woman to do so. Most of Canada's older colleges are marking a similar occasion during this decade. In Atlantic Canada the anniversary at Acadia occurred in 1984. At UNB it will be in 1989. Mount Allison was the pioneer, granting the first bachelor's degree to a woman in the British Empire in 1875.

Anniversaries of this kind tend to accentuate the positive. But the admission of women to degree-granting institutions did not imply acceptance of equality of the sexes by the men who controlled the centres of learning. The champions of women's equality argued in favor of women's education as a right. But women's rights had little to do with their admission to university. It owed more to the belief that it was the duty of society to cultivate the minds of its supposedly few exceptional women, while the rest were expected to stay in their places.

Indeed, in the first generation following the arrival of women at university, the quality of women graduates vis à vis their male counterparts was very high. At Dalhousie Eliza Richie, who graduated in 1887, went on to Cornell where she obtained a PhD in 1889 and an academic position at Wellesley, one of the pre-eminent women's colleges in New England.

Another brilliant graduate was Agnes S. Baxter, a mathematician, who also completed her doctorate at Cornell. She died young but not before she had given up her career for marriage to a fellow Dalhousian. Baxter's marriage reminds us of a second reason for admitting women to university. Higher education admirably equipped women to become suitable wives for their male peers. Ironically, conventional wisdom would have us believe that women went to university to seek husbands. Quite the contrary: their presence served the convenience of the wife-seeking doctors, lawyers, teachers, ministers, and academics-to-be. They went to college to participate in the great adventure of learning from which they had been so long excluded. Marriage, as an ulterior motive, was a female put-down, concocted by the

chauvinists of a later generation.

But marriage was good for the university. It produced lots of future Dalhousians, which brings us to the third reason for admitting women to university. The expansion of higher education created a demand for students. In retrospect those pre-World War I fees may seem low but they provided the bulk of the revenue for the university. Women paid the same fees as men. And this despite their exclusion for the first couple of decades from the library reading room and the gymnasium, where they were likely to distract the boys. To say nothing of their exclusion from the professional schools, especially law, the jewel in Dalhousie's crown, to which they were denied access until 1915.

The First World War made a difference. Female students overran the campus and while the proportion of women dropped after the war, it rose as high as 40 per cent in the Arts and Science faculty on the eve of the Depression. Respect for education was becoming an important factor, especially for those of Scottish Presbyterian background whose children dominated the enrolment at Dalhousie.

Which brings us to the fourth reason for the admission of women to university in the 1880s. For the preceding 30 years women had gradually increased their prominence in the teaching profession. University provided training beyond high school and normal school for the teachers required to staff the burgeoning secondary schools of the region. Teaching was the only genteel employment readily open to women at the turn of the century. The vast majority of Dal's early women graduates went into the school systems, both public and private.

The first generation of women at Dalhousie was made up of mature women who were in their mid-twenties when they first entered its hallowed halls. They knew something of the world and were well equipped to face university life. They relied on their sister students for support since most extra-curricular activities were strictly sex-segregated. Women students also lacked exposure to female faculty.

Women did not really begin teaching in the university in earnest until World War One when they were needed to replace the professors who had gone off to war. Dalhousie did not give a woman professorial status until 1932. The Depression permitted the administration to discriminate against women in terms of salary with impunity. World War Two brought more women onto the faculty, partly to replace enlisted men, partly to cope with an increased need for medical education.

Meanwhile the number of female undergraduates began to rise and in 1949 the establishment of the nursing programme seemed to strengthen women's role at Dalhousie. Yet, this was the period when the discrimination against women reached its peak. Women were forced to retire at 60, not 65; women who happened to be married to faculty men were denied tenure and promotion. The salary differential between men and women widened rapidly in the wake of the introduction of new pay scales in the late 1940s. It seemed as though the board of governors had suddenly decided to stamp out female professors before they multiplied. This was also the period of the feminine mystique. Exceptional women could enter the professions if they looked serious but women received more encouragement to compete with one another for the queenships of the faculties. Only four women graduated in medicine in the 1940s as compared with 21 in the 1920s.

In many respects the first 50 years of women in the university were marked by more achievements than the second 50. By the 1960s things had begun to improve and since the early 1970s women in all categories of university life have begun to receive the kind of encouragement which Margaret Newcombe's graduation 100 years ago might have led us to expect. But the continued imbalance between the proportion of women students and the proportion of women faculty proves that women are still predominantly consumers rather than producers of higher education. **C**

*Judith Fingard is a history professor at Dalhousie*



# GADABOUT

## ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

**Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.** To July 28. Main and Mezzanine Galleries: *The Prime Ministers: William Ronald* — A painting exhibition portraying an artist's interpretation of 16 Canadian Prime Ministers from Sir John A. MacDonald to Pierre Elliott Trudeau. The paintings each differ in size and technique and are a response to the personality, rather than the appearance, of the men. Organized by Ronald G. Atkey. Through July. Second Floor Gallery: *Portrait Painting* — 16 works by 12 artists; the exhibition includes a recent Joshua Reynolds acquisition depicting the founding of Halifax. Also included are early 19th century Halifax portraits by post-Reynolds commissioned artists Robert Field and William Valentine, a 16th century Lombard Angel, and images through to the mid-20th century. 6152 Coburg Road. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

**Anna Leonowens Gallery** (N.S. College of Art & Design). July 9-13. Gallery II: *Exhibition of Slip-Casting Class*. Gallery III: *Gordon Butler: Printed Works* — woodblock prints, lithographs and etchings. July 16-Aug. 2. Gallery I: *Vita Plume and Paul Rozman* — weaving and ceramics. July 16-27: Gallery II: *Ron Shuebrook* — drawings. July 16-20. Gallery III: *Louise Michaud: Through Chablis' Eyes* — paintings. July 23-27. Gallery III: *Leslie Sasaki* — paintings. July 30-Aug. 3. Gallery II: *Donna Gallagher* — installation and landscape paintings. Gallery III: *Peter Bustin* — two and three dimensional ceramics. 1891 Granville St. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; closed Sun. & Mon.

**Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** Continuing to July 7. Downstairs: *Traces* — Pat Martin Bates, Victoria and Marlene Creates, Ottawa. Upstairs: *Primer for War* — Jamelie Hassan, London, Ontario. July 18-Aug. 18. Downstairs: *Silken Shorelines* — Diana Dabinett, St. John's, Nfld., Upstairs: *Railroads* — curated by Herbert MacDonald. Bedford Highway. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

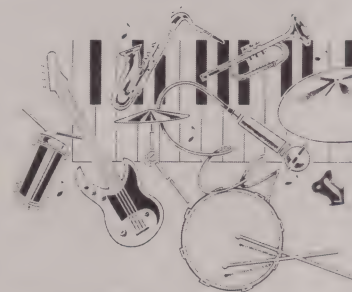
**Public Archives of Nova Scotia.** To September 30. Chase Exhibition Room: *Robert Norwood's Nova Scotia* — an exhibition of 74 photographs by Robert Norwood evoking the traditional occupations, way of life and scenes of Nova Scotia, 1930s-1950s. *Chambers on Stanfield* — 26 original political cartoons by Robert Chambers on the political career of the Hon. Robert L. Stanfield from 1963 to 1976. 6016 University Ave. Open daily 1-4 p.m.



## MOVIES

**Wormwood's Dog & Monkey Cinema.** July 3: *Margaret Atwood: Once in August*, directed by Michael Rubbo, Canada. July 4-7: *Vertigo*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, U.S.A. July 10: *Starbreaker*, directed by Bruce Mackay, Canada — modern cinematic techniques and special effects, including animation by sonic vibration, create a futuristic, space-fantasy drama for children. July 11-14: *Fahrenheit 451*, directed by François Truffaut, Great Britain. July 17: *Overtime*, directed by Marrin Cannell, Canada. July 18-19: *Z*, directed by Costa-Gavras, France — Based on the killing of a peace movement leader in Greece in 1963, and the subsequent investigation which uncovered a right-wing terrorist organization with government connections, and the military coup which destroyed democracy in that country. July 20-21: *The Confession*, directed by Costa-Gavras, France — Based on a book by a survivor of the 1952 purges in Czechoslovakia, the story is of a top party bureaucrat tortured and dehumanized by his beloved Communist party leaders into giving a false confession. July 24: Three films, in

French only, with the theme "Women in Sports" — *Les Avironneuses, Handicapée sportive: Rosanne Faflamme and Pour moi seul*. July 25-28: *Alphaville*, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, France. July 31: *The Children's Crusade*, directed by Donald Brittain, Canada. **National Film Board Theatre.** July 5-11: *Man of Flowers*, directed by Paul Cox, Australia — An offbeat comedy about a quietly eccentric late middle-aged man of means and decorous tastes who uses his wealth to indulge his interest in floral arrangements, sacred music and the nude female form. July 12-18: *A Question of Silence*, directed by Marleen Gorris, Netherlands. July 19-25: *And the Ship Sails On*, directed by Federico Fellini, Italy/France. July 26-Aug. 1: *A Nos Amours*, directed by Maurice Pialat, France — A landmark film about adolescent sexuality. While most films about teens coming of age separate youthful sexual rebellion from the households that produced them, *A Nos Amours* observes with lacerating intensity the manner in which a young girl reduces herself to a promiscuous object in order to avoid confronting her most terrifying bonds — the ones with her brother, her mother and her father.



## CLUB DATES

**Teddy's.** Piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. July 1-13: *Alan Fawcett*. July 15-Aug. 3: *Peggy Gillis*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-1 a.m. Happy hour, 5-7 p.m. **The Village Gate.** 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. July 4-6: *Track*. July 11-13: *Hal Bruce and Drifter*. July 18-20: *Domino*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

## FESTIVALS

July 25-Aug. 4: **Atlantic Film and Video Festival.** This is an international film festival which includes entries from Europe, Asia and North America. A special focus is placed on the development of Atlantic and Canadian cinema. This year's theme: Women's Cinema. Pick up a program at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema or phone Gordon Parsons at 422-2700 for more information.



# A costly and mysterious gas well blowout goes on and on

It's the most costly and mysterious gas well blowout in Canadian history. The blowout has gone on for months and the whole question of the ownership of the well is still under dispute.

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# GADABOUT

## ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Many galleries of New York, N.Y. are open for the summer. The following are a selection of the best. For more information, see the list on page 11.



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# A costly and mysterious gas well blowout goes on and on

*It's the most costly runaway gas well in Canadian history. West Venture N91 casts new doubts on the whole question of the economics of East Coast petroleum exploration*

by Deborah Jones

Some call it a blowout. Others object to the term and say it was really a preventable loss of well control. But natural disaster or product of human error, all agree that the West Venture N91 well near Sable Island is the most costly gas well blowout in Canadian history. It's costing at least \$450,000 a day to mop up the damage caused by last fall's incident aboard the rig *Zapata Scotian* and industry analysts say the final insurance claim could be in the area of \$200 million. Perhaps more important than the immediate issue of dollars lost is the additional doubt that the rogue well casts upon the whole question of the economics of petroleum exploration on the East Coast.

There were indications that a serious problem was shaping up on N91 before the big blowout on Sept. 20, 1984. But until the last minute the indicators — such as a massive loss of drilling fluid — were treated less seriously than they should have been, according to a report released this spring by the Canadian Oil and Gas Lands Administration (COGLA).

Drilling on N91 started the previous April two km north of Sable Island. Mobil Canada Ltd. was licensed to drill to 5,547 metres to evaluate high-pressure gas-bearing zones in the hope of determining if there's enough gas near Venture to warrant development of the field. The total depth was reached in August. It was while rig workers were preparing to install a production casing that problems first developed.

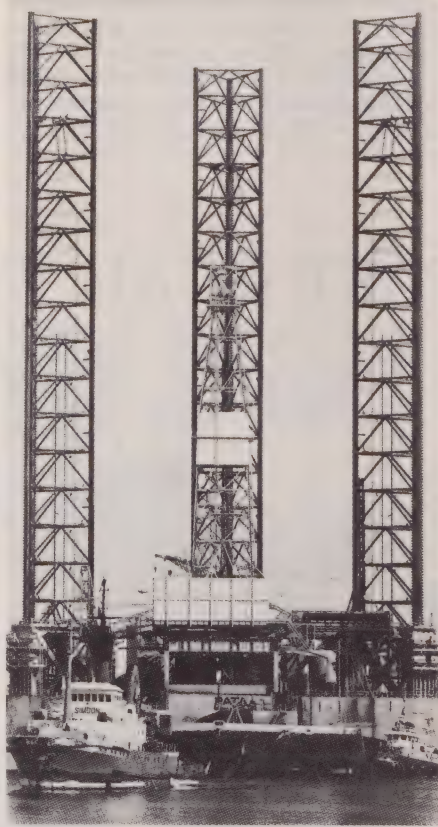
In late summer a tool became stuck in the lower part of the hole. While workers tried to recover it there was a loss of drilling fluid — the lubricating mud necessary for drilling. Non-essential personnel were then evacuated.

Drilling mud and salt water were pumped into the well and control was re-established although the tool wasn't recovered. Later a section of drill pipe became stuck at 4,763 metres and took eight days to retrieve.

Then, in mid-September, a series of misunderstandings resulted in the well going out of control. Drilling mud was intermittently squishing up through the drill pipe and there were other problems with the circulation system for the mud. This indicated, says COGLA, the possible "compression of a gas bubble in the circulatory system."

The supervisors didn't recognize this, however, and continued to pump drilling mud down the hole. At the last minute the rig foreman recognized the problem and ordered the well shut. But it was too late. The mud was flowing back up through the pipe at an increasing rate, spewing up to three metres above the platform.

Then the mud cleared and gas itself started blowing out from the pipe with a horrendous roar. The noise was such that it made "communications at the rig floor very difficult, and severely disrupted the chain of command," according to the COGLA report.



The *Zapata Scotian* in quieter times

Final attempts to seal off the gas flow failed and just before 8 a.m. on Sept. 20, 55 crew members were evacuated. Nine supervisors remained to try to regain control. By the afternoon they did manage to shut off the gas flow. But pressure on the "blowout preventer" — the safety device of last resort — continued to increase and by late afternoon the supervisors too

left the platform.

Pressure on the preventer continued to increase, but the well didn't blow — at least not up top. Instead it blew somewhere below as the drill pipe broke. This happened Sept. 25.

Ever since then the gas has been disappearing mysteriously underground. Where is it going when it leaves the broken casings? "As far as we can understand it, nothing is getting into the water or air that would lead us to be concerned about the quality of the marine environment," says Hugh Hall of Environment Canada. "I don't know" is his answer when asked where the gas is going.

Some speculate, rather dramatically, that the gas could erupt through a crack in the ocean floor at some point, rushing to the surface in a gigantic bubble.

The COGLA report concluded that human error was responsible for the loss of control of N91, although it noted that at least one piece of equipment was in poor condition. The operator and contract supervisors failed to recognize the signs of trouble and supervision was not increased.

Today Mobil continues to mop up at a cost it puts at about \$450,000 per day and analysts say could be as high as \$650,000 daily. Rig workers are trying to retrieve the mangled pipe in the well and Mobil has another rig, the *Rowan Gorilla III* drilling a relief well a few thousand metres away.

For a worldwide company the size of Mobil the problem of N91 is a mere hiccup. But in terms of over-all East Coast exploration, N91 has a larger impact, and industry watchers have been busy making calculations. There are questions about the subterranean geology raised by the disappearing gas, and whether this kind of problem might not recur in future.

Some business analysts also question what the blowout will do to insurance rates for the offshore. Ian Doig, a Calgary petroleum analyst, speculates that the blowout and others that have occurred recently elsewhere in the world have caused insurance rates for companies drilling offshore wells to rise by 400 per cent.

Doig adds that Canadian taxpayers may lose as well. "It looks like the majority of the group is insured in the \$150 to \$200 million range. They've got their cutoff limits. Once costs get beyond the limit of the companies, the pressure point then changes to Ottawa and it gets blown out into the political arena."

Doig says the N91 affair "shows that the offshore play is no place for non-major companies. It was certainly no place for an embarrassment like the moribund East Coast Energy Ltd. and one has to wonder if it's any place for Nova Scotians." The Nova Scotia government is a partner in the Venture field through Nova Scotia Resources Ltd. If there are any more wells like Venture N91, even the giants like Mobil may begin wondering if it's any place for them, either. ☐



# Shippagan's bitter crab war

*Turmoil in international markets for crab has led to violence on the Shippagan wharf. The riot was in April, but the hard feelings continue*

by Michael Camp

**B**y midnight the Shippagan wharf was covered in broken glass, wrecked fishing gear and crushed crab shells. Thousands of dollars of new processing equipment torn out of a nearby fish plant was sitting on the bottom of the harbor, in pieces. It was a show of anger by hundreds of fish plant workers on the Acadian Peninsula of Northeastern New Brunswick whose jobs in the crab industry were threatened.

Wilfred Comeau, a crab fishermen, was unloading his catch early in the evening of April 9 when the plant workers' demonstration turned violent. He took his boat out into the Shippagan harbor and waited until the trouble was over. "You can't reason with them, nobody can stop them when they're this mad," Comeau said as he tied up his boat on his return that night. "This isn't going to help. They're mad all right and they're crazy."

There would be more anger as crab season stretched into May and June. The

Shippagan riot was only the beginning of turmoil in the crab industry — an industry that was being knocked off balance by sudden changes in the seafood market. During the boom years, the start of the crab season in early spring was a call back to work for over 5,000 fish plant workers on the Acadian Peninsula. But this year, poor markets for processed crabmeat and competition from artificial shellfish took their toll.

The United Seafood and Allied Workers Union was among the first to sound the alarm. A week before the Shippagan riot, union spokesman Florent LaRocque, a one-time plant worker with a firecracker temper, said as many as 1,500 workers could be laid off in the crab industry this year. He blamed increased mechanization as well as poor markets for many of the lost jobs. "The plants have forgotten all about the workers. If they keep putting in new machines nobody's going to have a job. That's what the companies want to do, get rid of us,"

LaRocque says. "This is more than a crisis here, it's a disaster."

Another part of the problem is a provincial government policy, announced in April, which allows fish plants to sell more crab in the shell as pre-cooked "sections." Even with modern processing equipment, canned and frozen crabmeat create the most jobs. But the highly profitable crab sections can be put on the market with minimal labor required. The government knew in advance its policy would mean fewer jobs in the fish plants. But Fisheries Minister Jean Gauvin justified the change, saying it was impossible to force the plants to produce what they couldn't sell.

Despite the alarming prediction by the plant workers' union, the actual number of jobs lost in the crab industry this year was closer to 600 than 1,500. Fewer jobs were lost mainly because big fish plants on the Acadian Peninsula spread the misery evenly among their employees. Instead of massive lay-offs, most workers had their time on the job cut drastically. Full-time salaries became part-time salaries. The workers felt cheated.

"The union knows those companies are doing pretty well," LaRocque says. "The money they're making is coming right out of our pockets. We're losing our jobs so they can have bigger profits." Not everyone sees it this way. Industry spokesmen say the crab fishery on the Acadian

## YOU CAN TAKE QUALITY ANYWHERE



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.



Peninsula went through a boom over the past five years which raised workers' expectations to unreasonable heights. Now, they say, it's time to get back to reality.

"It's like a Klondike that's turned stale," says Gastien Godin of the Acadian Fishermen's Association, which represents the 78 midshore crab vessels on the Acadian Peninsula. "Ten years ago nobody cared about crab. Then all of a sudden it was selling for \$7 a pound in New York and everybody wanted a piece of the action."

In 1981 and 1982, it seemed as though fish plants on the Acadian Peninsula couldn't make the conversion to crab production fast enough. Species which had once been the money-makers, like herring, were on the way out. Right now, the region's crab industry is worth more than \$65 million a year — more than half the value of the entire New Brunswick fishery.

Godin says the introduction of artificial crab in the supermarkets has even made the die-hard consumers of real crab harder to please. "They want it to *look* like the real thing — so it has to be in the shell. In Japan, there's a huge market for sections because they see the shell as *proof* they're getting real crab, not something that's supposed to taste like it." Since the debut of crab sections on the market in 1982, Godin says the demand for relatively unprocessed crab in the shell has been growing steadily. At the same time, the market for the labor-intensive canned

and frozen crab has collapsed.

Fish plant owners on the Acadian Peninsula have kept a low profile, not wanting to stir up troubled waters. Even so, they've made it clear the whims of the market have to be respected. Also, they say the pressures of competing head to head with artificial crab make further mechanization essential to cutting costs. Their arguments have been accepted, albeit reluctantly, by most workers. In fact, as the crab season came to a close in early June, the fish plant workers' anger was shifting more toward fishermen than the fish plants.

Animosity between plant workers and fishermen was obvious on the docks of the Acadian Peninsula. There were taunts back and forth, occasional flare-ups of temper. Barricades were set up at three wharfs to stop fishermen from transporting their crab catches to southern New Brunswick, where prices were higher. A few fishermen made no secret of the fact they were carrying guns to protect themselves and their property.

The workers' gut feeling was that the fishermen were raking off profits as high as those in the peak years of the crab industry. Weekly wages in the fish plants dipped to as low as \$100, but the demand for crab sections kept prices reasonably high for fishermen. "Whenever there's a meeting of crab fishermen you see a lot of Camaros and Cadillacs parked out front," says one plant worker. "Everyone knows they've got lots of money coming in. They like to show it off."

The fishermen say estimates of their wealth are exaggerated. They say their critics don't take into account the huge debts they're carrying on their boats, which cost upwards of \$1 million dollars apiece. Then there are the soaring prices for fuel, fishing gear and insurance.

Nonetheless, it's not unusual for a crew member on a crab boat to take home \$30,000 or more for two and a half month's work, according to Linda Haché, an official with the federal fisheries department. Boat captains, she says, make considerably more. The plant workers "think crab is a resource for everyone to share, so they're angry that only a small group seems to be making money on it," she adds.

In this chronically depressed corner of New Brunswick, where the unemployment problem is severe, seasonal work is the rule. Outside the fishery the prospects of finding a job are scant. Even in better times, it was difficult for the fish plant workers to get the ten weeks work they need to collect UIC. This year many won't make it.

Clarence LeBreton, the president of a local chapter of the Chamber of Commerce, says that "for a while we thought the crab industry was going to solve everything on the Acadian Peninsula. All the workers would get their ten weeks in. But it didn't turn out that way. We have to start looking beyond the fishery for new jobs. We should have started looking a long time ago."



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# Canada Packers: hog heaven or a costly pig in a poke?

*The P.E.I. and federal governments are putting \$15 million into a new plant to process more hogs for a glutted market. Even some farmers are questioning the economics of the deal*

by Jim Cluett

**C**anada Packers, the giant meat processing company which closed its Charlottetown plant in 1982 because it couldn't show a profit, will soon be back in business. This time it's in a brand new facility financed by the federal and provincial governments.

This should be good news all round. Some critics, however, see it as being altogether too good for Canada Packers and not good enough for the taxpayers. The company is virtually guaranteed a return from a small investment in a risky venture while the taxpayers stand to lose \$15 million if it fails.

Canada Packers will pay only \$2.1 million for a 35 per cent share of the new plant, and has been guaranteed a \$1.8 million tax break during the first two years of operation. The difference between the two figures is \$300,000 and that, says Joe Ghiz, the leader of the provincial Liberal opposition, is all that the company will have to pay for its share of the facility. The provincial and federal governments will pay \$4.5 million each.

Further sweetening the deal, Canada Packers has a guarantee from the province that taxpayers will cover all losses for the first two years of operation. In addition the company has been assured a minimum weekly supply of 4,500 hogs, nearly 1,500 hogs a week over the province's current rate of production.

Canada Packers insists that it needs 4,500 hogs a week to make the plant profitable. So P.E.I. hog producers have been told to increase their production by nearly 50 per cent. To encourage them to do so, the province is offering \$6.5 million in incentives over the next five years. This is to producers who have long been losing money on every hog they've sold for several years.

The provincial hog stabilization plan, which guarantees a minimum price to farmers, is now \$3 million in debt. Most experts agree that market prices have been below the cost of production because Canadian hog farmers are now oversupplying the market by nearly 4.5 million hogs annually.

Ironically, some of the most vocal critics of the scheme to build a plant and increase production are among P.E.I.'s 600 hog producers. Anco Hamming, a former president of the P.E.I. Federation

of Agriculture, now a retired farmer with 20 years' experience, says Island farmers will be the real losers in the scheme. "I don't like it," he says emphatically. "The only way they can make a go of it is if hog production goes down in the rest of Canada. And that probably won't happen. Our children and grandchildren will have to pay for the mistake we're making today."

Gordon Vessey, a local director of the National Farmers' Union, also objects. "There's no marketing system built into their plan," he protests. "After a few years when the incentive plan is through, producers will be right back to producing for less than cost. It's like giving farmers money to increase production and then pulling the rug out from under them."

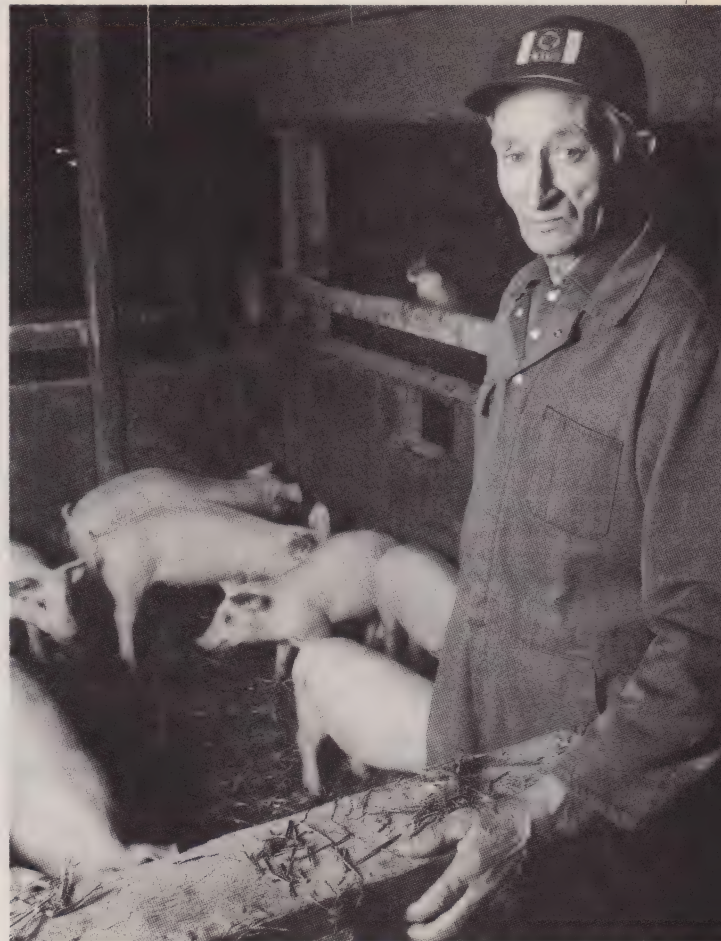
E.G. Hub Meat Packers just across the Northumberland Strait in Moncton has strong objections as well, especially to the federal funding. For one thing, Hub relies on P.E.I. hogs for about 20 per cent of its product, and they've recently invested \$2 million in their own expansion. Dan Robichaud, Hub's controller, says his company is the only one in the Maritimes to have shown any real growth in the last several years, and he doesn't want that undermined with his own tax dollars. Robichaud has guaranteed Island farmers that Hub will buy the entire P.E.I. hog capacity, and he's got the facilities to back up that guarantee. But some farmers say they can't ship to Hub during the winter months, because severe cold will freeze live hogs.

Even the local Catholic Diocese has jumped aboard the anti-hog plant bandwagon. The Church commissioned a 24-page report condemning the provincial plan, and presented it to the Premier, Jim Lee.

"A kill and chill plant is no answer to a critical situation," concludes the report. "The Lee government is simply playing into the hands of Canada Packers which purposely drove the old plant into the ground with no regard for the welfare of the farmers, the plant workers or the taxpayers of Prince Edward Island. We can only ask who wins, who loses, who pays and who profits?"

But for many Island hog producers, who spent thousands of dollars expanding in the 70s, criticizing the new facility is like throwing away good money. One farmer who recently invested \$100,000 in his business asked simply, "What will happen to me without the new plant and the new incentive program?"

For their part P.E.I. officials say they've struck an excellent deal with Canada Packers. They insist that Prince Edward Island needs a company with Canada Packers' marketing skills and international connections to ensure that the Island hog industry, worth about \$25 million a year to farmers, will survive — at least a few more years.



Anco Hamming: Island hog farmers will be the losers

RICHARD FURLONG



# **"It smacks of fraud" — the Crosbie empire falls**

*And it fell right on Crosbie Offshore Ltd.'s German partners. Despite everything, the West Germans aren't giving up on Newfoundland*

by Randolph Joyce

**T**he mere mention of West German business interests to cynical Newfoundlanders may elicit lurid Smallwood-era tales of a rubber boot factory equipped with prewar machinery that produced only left boots, and a spectacle-lens plant whose equipment crates were found to contain scrap metal. But recently the boot went on the other foot as a Bremen company that owns the world's third-largest offshore supply boat fleet took a drubbing at the hands of two St. John's businessmen.

Vereinigte Tanklager und Transportmittel GmbH (VTG) would happily have foregone the national attention it drew last January when its Canadian partner in the Newfoundland offshore supply business went bankrupt owing an estimated \$5.6 million. But because VTG's corporate partner had been set up by none other than Andrew Crosbie, businessman brother of federal Finance Minister John Crosbie, the glare of publicity was relentless. The story of a low-slung Maserati sedan leased as a corporate perk to Crosbie's free-spending associate, Capt. Richard Spellacy, was good for a sardonic chuckle at the expense of the hapless Germans, unwittingly stuck not only with the car's \$1,600 monthly lease but also with a one-shot \$12,000 repair bill. Worse still, VTG's lawyer estimates that by the time Crosbie Offshore Services Ltd. was declared bankrupt nearly six months ago it had spent some \$2 million belonging to its partner VTG — yet was virtually without realizable assets.

While hearing the back-and-forth legal actions around the time Crosbie Services went bankrupt last January, Newfoundland Supreme Court Judge Noel Goodridge used the term "conversion" — wrongfully converting something to one's own use — to describe how Crosbie Offshore made use of funds earned from the local charter of VTG's vessels.

But the judge saved his most scathing remarks for Spellacy's management of Crosbie Offshore following a 1984 boardroom battle with VTG. That dispute involved \$871,000 in charter rents collected by Crosbie Offshore but not paid into the account of Crosbie-OSA, the company jointly owned by Crosbie Offshore and VTG. VTG's lawyers claimed "minority oppression" by Crosbie Offshore — meaning that Crosbie Offshore had used its 51 per cent majority holding in the joint venture company to force VTG to be ben-

ient with it and to continue advancing Crosbie Offshore money for operating expenses. Judge Goodridge held that VTG hadn't made its case but added pointedly that Crosbie Offshore's conduct "may or may not be properly described as oppression. It certainly smacks of fraud."

The RCMP's commercial crime section in St. John's seemed of like mind. Three weeks after the bankruptcy, police twice raided Crosbie Offshore's St. John's office to retrieve business records. In March Spellacy decamped — for the Far East, said a member of his household staff — and by late spring hadn't been reported back in Canada.

The brief, chequered career of Crosbie Offshore Services began in 1979, as rumors flew around St. John's that Mobil Oil of Canada had already struck oil on the Grand Banks. Crosbie, trying to hold together a shaky construction and real estate empire, eagerly sought a money-maker, and Spellacy, who had worked briefly in St. John's in 1974, flew into town with a plan that would allow Crosbie and him to make money without putting a cent up front.

So was born Crosbie Offshore, owned 51 per cent by Crosbie Enterprises and 49 per cent by Spellacy Associates (Nfld.) Ltd. Spellacy got a commitment from VTG to lease supply boats to Crosbie Offshore and went to Calgary to convince Mobil to charter three boats from Crosbie Offshore of a type that normally rent for \$10,000 per day.

A joint venture company, Crosbie-OSA, was created, owned 51 per cent by Crosbie Offshore and 49 per cent by VTG, to avert any trouble from the federal Foreign Investment Review Agency. Crosbie Offshore would rent the boats to drilling companies, collect the money, and hand the rentals to VTG after exacting a hefty rakeoff — 15 per cent of each crew payroll, 2½ per cent of charter fees, all maintenance costs, and all of Crosbie Offshore's administrative expenses. As Crosbie Offshore president, Spellacy received a handsome \$216,000 per year; Andrew Crosbie, a company director, \$120,000 — which Crosbie had described as a fee for consulting work he did for the company.

As early as 1980 Andrew Crosbie began using the profitable new company to extricate his beloved Crosbie Enterprises from financial problems. A Crosbie door manufacturing plant in Quebec, Ambassador Manufacturing, was deep in debt. Crosbie's response was to

transfer debts of Ambassador to Crosbie Offshore.

In 1982, Crosbie Enterprises' major creditor, the Bank of Montreal (of which Andrew Crosbie was a former director), placed it in receivership.

The German partners first smelled trouble in 1983, when Frank Euler, VTG's man in St. John's, found that Crosbie Offshore was being paid for vessel charters a month ahead of time and pocketing a month's interest before handing VTG's share of the rents to Crosbie-OSA. VTG demanded a cut of the earned interest, but Crosbie Offshore held the Germans off. Then, in July 1984 VTG demanded \$871,000 in vessel charter fees Crosbie Offshore was withholding. Spellacy said the company couldn't give them the money; it didn't have it. Crosbie Offshore stopped paying bills and VTG suffered the embarrassment of a \$10 million vessel being seized by a small Nova Scotia machine shop for non-payment of a bill. In November VTG petitioned for Crosbie Offshore's bankruptcy.

KAY NORMAN



**Crosbie and Spellacy: "minority oppression"**

"I think this is the last of Andrew's empire," VTG lawyer Ed Roberts later said of Crosbie Offshore. Crosbie may not agree. His newly formed company, Freshwater Bay Offshore Base Ltd., proposes building a "world class" offshore service and supply base near St. John's. Financing for the project is still vague.

After all its troubles, were VTG to pull up anchor and sail into the sunrise, leaving the cut-throat St. John's supply boat charter market to the eight other companies contesting it, few would be surprised. But such isn't the case. Despite the improbability of VTG's ever recovering a brass pfennig from Crosbie Offshore's depleted coffers, VTG has been seeking a new Canadian partner to work with its new Canadian operation, OSA Marine. Says Frank Euler, OSA Marine's soft-spoken vice-president, "We're talking to a number of prospective new partners, but there's been no decision yet. We're being careful, you understand, after the experience we had." ☒



# A robot named DOLPHIN becomes our undersea eyes

*It's hardly much more than a pup yet, but DOLPHIN promises to grow up to become a safer, more detailed way to chart the sea bottom*

by David Holt

**T**he full name would choke a small whale — Deep Ocean Logging Platform with Hydrographic Instrumentation and Navigation. But shortened to DOLPHIN, it becomes wonderfully apt for an aquatic metallic beast that's as sophisticated in its own way as the marvelous sea mammal it's named after. DOLPHIN is a torpedo-shaped, seven-metre-long robot submersible that's going to help Canadian scientists map the sea bottoms around the world's longest coastline in a way they've never been able to do before.

So far, DOLPHIN isn't much more than a pup, a prototype that needs a bit more maturing before it's ready to reproduce. Now in the last stages of development at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography (BIO) in Dartmouth, N.S., the first DOLPHIN was built for the Canadian Hydrographic Service (CHS) at Port Moody, B.C. at a cost of a half million dollars. Designed to travel two to three metres below the surface, the vessel escapes most of the turbulence that hinders depth sounding from ships riding atop the ocean swell. It's also less limited by weather and is more economical.

The extension of 200-mile-limits worldwide and renewed interest in the sea generally have created a need for countries to map their new underwater territories. The new mini-sub "will allow us to do more work in a safer, more detailed manner," states Adam Kerr, who heads the mapping program at BIO.

In June 1984, the DOLPHIN, launched from the survey ship *Baffin*, was given sea trials off Sable Island. Says Kent Malone, the hydrographer at the remote controls, the vessel was "stable in 15-foot seas. It can take a lot of pounding. The sounding graph of the sea bottom was better than what you get from ships." Its speed was a quick 14 knots.

"Our biggest problem so far is launching and retrieving the DOLPHIN from the ship," Malone says. "I've bumped it into the ship a couple of times, especially in the fog. We need to develop a handling system, or maybe wait for a new ship designed to deploy these things."

If future trials are successful, six DOLPHINS will one day run parallel to the survey ship, mapping a wide swath of the sea floor. Three more have been ordered and the prototype is scheduled to be used on a production survey off

Grand Manan Island in the fall.

In the meantime other countries are keeping an eye on the project. The DOLPHIN may have military as well as hydrographic applications, and at least one foreign firm has expressed interest in a license to build DOLPHINs for an international market.

Another robot submersible, known as ARCS, has also been developed for the CHS by the Port Moody company. ARCS, smaller and lighter than DOLPHIN and powered by batteries, is designed to operate beneath the ice. Another acronym, ARCS stands for Autonomous Remotely Controlled Submersible.

"As ice-breaking tankers begin to transport oil and gas from the Arctic, we will need detailed channel surveys to update the charts," says Adam Kerr. "In the past a permanent ice cover has hampered our efforts. With ARCS we should be able to collect soundings under ice two or three meters thick."

ARCS is constructed to be transported in sections by air and bolted together at the survey site. The vessel is lowered through a hole in the ice and deployed to


run a survey pattern programmed into an onboard computer. Hydrographers at a station on the ice monitor its progress and can override the controls if necessary.

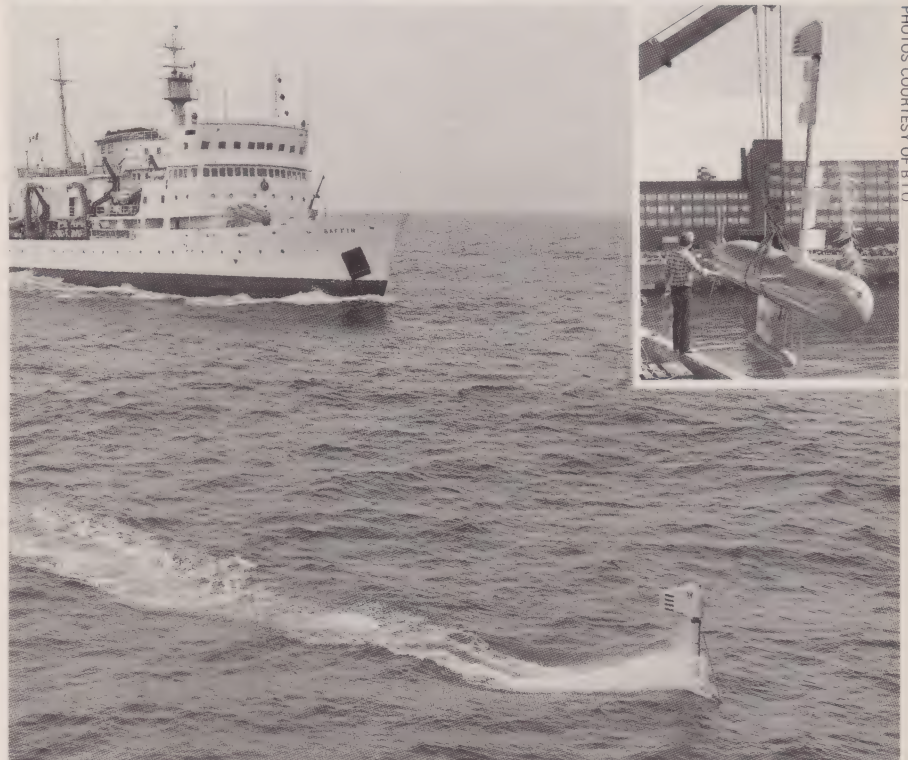
"As well as an acoustic positioning system, the robot carries sonar which warns the computer of approaching ice keels or shoals," notes Bob Burke, head of the hydrographic development section at BIO.

From each hole in the ice ARCS will cover four adjacent survey areas, each nine kilometres square and joined at the hole which is the centre of the survey grid. Endurance is about 20 hours, after which the batteries are changed.

"We haven't done much testing so far," Burke allows. "Like all development projects, this one has its problems. The company that was making the electric motors, for example, went bankrupt. But we are planning to take ARCS to Bridgeport Inlet on Melville Island, which may be used as a staging port for tankers carrying liquid natural gas."

Human error and inexperience also play a role in bringing along new technologies. "Once when we were running the DOLPHIN from the ship, a seaman came in to do some vacuuming," Kent Malone recalls. "He pulled out a plug from the outlet and shut down the navigation, the sounder, the computer — everything. We chased him out of there pretty quick. Happily, the DOLPHIN has a fail-safe mechanism. The motor shut off, the ballast blew and the vessel lay there — instead of heading off over the horizon."

Robots aren't entirely foolproof but they're getting there. 



Mini-sub during sea trials, and (inset) on the hoist at dockside

PHOTOS COURTESY OF BIO



# After 15 years in office, Hatfield's 9 lives are at 8½



**T**hose within the New Brunswick Conservative Party have always chuckled smugly over the old joke about a politician's nine lives. When Premier Richard Hatfield survived his early political blunders, the party seemed to have grown stronger.

But in the past year, the scandal and innuendo that have surrounded New Brunswick's 53-year-old bachelor premier have put the Conservative Party's survival instincts to the test.

With cabinet ministers receiving letters daily from constituents calling for Hatfield's resignation, the once flamboyant leader is becoming a thorn in his party's side. With cracks surfacing once again in caucus and, more dangerously, at the riding association level, the party is sending their beleaguered premier a message. It has no intention of going down to defeat with its war-weary captain.

Richard Hatfield may be living the last of his political lives. The party is in a difficult situation. Should it dump the leader who has been the mainstay of the party for the past 15 years?

The fast style of the premier — once part of his playboy charm that brought the party votes — is now an embarrassment. Hatfield's lavish expense account and penchant for extravagant trinkets was once part of his personal style. Now his extravagances are only one of his many personal problems. Disco Dick is no longer in vogue.

In a province where unemployment hovers at 20 per cent, the Liberal party has something to sing about when it estimates it cost New Brunswick taxpayers about \$1,000 a day last year in travelling expenses for the premier.

The legislature has been humming with charges that Hatfield used the government plane for business suspected of being less than "governmental." And although he was found not guilty of possession of marijuana, he has yet to fully address allegations that he took three university students to Montreal on the government plane and later hosted a drug party at his Fredericton home.

With an RCMP report that challenges the premier to produce evidence to support his accusation that the RCMP deliberately leaked damaging information about his drug case, Hatfield's credibility is at an all-time low. Equally damaging is RCMP Commissioner Robert Simmond's conclusion that it is inconceivable that anyone could have tampered with the premier's bag before they were loaded on

the Queen's plane last September. The premier's cries of police wrongdoing have become tedious.

Hatfield seems to have no evidence to support his notion that the RCMP was out to get him and topple his government. For months, he has bought time with those allegations.

But now, the ball is back in his court. It's up to Hatfield to address any unanswered questions that still surround the handling of his drug case. With his government's problems making constant

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*The premier's  
stubborn denial  
that there is  
a problem has  
crippled his  
party. And  
there's no cure  
in sight*

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headlines, Hatfield can't afford to wait any longer. The premier has to clear the air or step down.

In the power-tripping world of politics it's doubtful that Hatfield will step down. Like most politicians who have been in power for a long time, he'll try to weather the storm, calm his caucus and pacify the public.

But the open animosity he now experiences from a once-adoring public must be disconcerting to a man who's been at the province's helm for 15 years. Despite his best smile and handshake, the premier was often snubbed by voters while campaigning during the Riverview byelection in April. The 2,000 vote Liberal victory in the Tory stronghold had a clear message. The premier has to go.

Never before have the Conservatives been so consumed with their party's

future. As they should be. Lifelong Tories have torn up their party membership cards in disgust. One disgruntled member, who's been a Tory for 20 years, said he plans to vote NDP in the next provincial election because he's outraged by the premier's antics and his total disregard for his constituents and caucus.

The Conservatives are up the proverbial creek. All over the province local riding associations are calling for a leadership review. In the riding of Victoria-Tobique, Hatfield sat stone-faced in the audience as the association talked of ways to review his performance. Hatfield's senior French-speaking minister, Jean-Maurice Simard, was booed as he took the stage.

The party wasn't in as much trouble during the premier's marijuana possession trial last winter and the subsequent allegations that surfaced. Then, at least, a court of law determined the premier's guilt or innocence. Now it's up to the voters.

That's scary stuff to a besieged political party that has to face a provincial election in less than two years.

Even if the premier resigns and does so quickly, the party has an enormous task of instilling confidence again in New Brunswick voters. As Tory MLA Eric Kipping said: "Solving the party's leadership problems will take major surgery. It won't be smoothed over by a public relations job."

Major surgery! The premier's stubborn denial that there is a problem has crippled his party. And there's no cure in sight.

Through all of this, the public seems to have grown tired and confused about the Hatfield issue. As each new twist to the scandal and each new blunder by the premier unfolds, the public is losing patience with a government that is too busy sorting out its own problems to govern effectively. It's a continuing soap opera at the taxpayers' expense, leaving one to wonder who is running the province.

The Tories have their backs up against a wall. Their constitution has guidelines for a leadership review only after a defeat at the polls. By waiting until the next provincial election and possibly bringing the party down with him, Hatfield will leave provincial politics with his ego intact. To a worn-out politician, there may be a certain satisfaction in knowing that it will be a long time before another Conservative premier will match his 15-year tenure.

*Catherine Clark is a freelance journalist in Fredericton. Ralph Surette's column will return in a future issue.*



# Countdown begins for forestry: repent now or pay dearly later

*Centuries of abuse, confusion of aims and lack of long term policies threaten Atlantic Canada's pivotal forest industry. But there's still time to save it — if we move quickly*

by David Holt

**A**nyone entertaining illusions about the good health of Atlantic Canada's forests could have them reinforced by flying over the Saint John River. Up and down from Fredericton — one of Canada's leading centres for forestry research — New Brunswick's pulp mills appear to thrive. Below, vast tracts of woodland stretch to the horizon and beyond. The forest is dark with spruce and fir, the natural wealth which supports the province's billion dollar forest industry. From the air the forest appears dense, inexhaustible, the way it must have seemed to the first settlers who put the axe to it.

It is indeed an illusion. The forest may appear healthy, but the trees aren't. Atlantic forests are in jeopardy — threatened by insects, disease and predatory harvesting practices traceable to colonial times.

In New Brunswick the forest is being exploited to the very limit of its capacity — the first province in Canada where this has happened, with Nova Scotia close behind, according to Gordon Baskerville, dean of forestry at the University of New Brunswick. In Nova Scotia, a recent royal commission report on forestry stated that current management practices "can only lead to an exhaustion of the resource within a generation."

In some places there's a surplus, it's true. But this too is an illusion. Surplus wood tends to be overmature, low quality or inaccessible. "We have a surplus in Labrador," states Muhammad Nazir, assistant deputy minister in Newfoundland's Department of Forest Resources. "But on the island where the mills are we are projecting shortages by the 1990s."

Even Prince Edward Island's small forest falls into the same pattern. "Our wood supply is rich in quantity," says J.P. Arseneault, provincial forest operations director. "But it's poor in quality for traditional products like sawlogs."

Then there's the spruce budworm. Despite the battles over chemical sprays, the spraying continues — and so does the budworm. In New Brunswick, the flagship province for chemical sprays and spray disputes, \$325 million worth of budworm-ravaged wood stood dead or

dying in 1984, according to an estimate of the provincial department of natural resources. In the three other provinces the details vary but the essential fact remains the same: budworm damage is a factor affecting the future of the forest.

That future is a serious matter in a region where many towns and communities depend exclusively, or nearly so, on sawmills and pulpmills. "I hear voices saying we don't have a problem that money can't fix," says Baskerville. "But if we don't act now, we will have a timing problem later that no amount of money will fix."

The "timing problem" is that there are no adolescent forests, as it were. The wood now being either overharvested or eaten by the budworm is old. Some of it is dying of old age on its own. The question is: when shortages develop, what will the industry harvest during the 40 years it will take for today's seedlings to grow up?

A lot of jobs are riding on the answer to that question. And there's no easy answer, if in fact there's any answer at all. How to deal with the shortfall and ensure adequate regeneration of the forest is the subject of endless debates, reports, commissions of inquiry and whatnot. And although these debates are going on in the rest of Canada as well, they are particularly to the point on the East Coast where settlement is older and where, as a result, the forests are more worn down.

This wearing-down began early, especially in the Maritimes. In the 1700s the largest white pines were cut for masts. As the larger trees disappeared, smaller ones were cut for squared timbers. Then local sawmilling industries were built on the remaining pines as well as spruce and, later, fir which was once considered a weed.

Sawmilling peaked at the turn of the century. The pulp and paper industry came along in the decades after that and began harvesting the best stands of spruce and fir. "At each stage the largest and best trees were taken, a poor practice known as highgrading," says Baskerville. At each stage industry depended on trees a fraction of the size available earlier. At each stage jobs were created and the quality of life improved, at least from an economic standpoint.

"The creation of each new mill was hailed by everyone as resource development," says Baskerville, adding that New Brunswick can't "develop" any further in this sense. "In fact, it barely will be possible to sustain the forest industry even with major efforts aimed at restoring the resource."

A chorus of voices — including a report on forestry nationwide by the Science Council of Canada, published last year — have been calling for dramatically increased spending on long term programs in reforestation, protection of the growing crop, research and training.

Even if money is available in large quantities — which it isn't right now — there are those who say something more will be needed: co-operation among the various segments of the forest industry. Increasing competition for a dwindling resource, however, may make co-operation harder and harder to come by, especially between the large pulp and paper sector and the small sawmills.

Any long term spending, either in the form of private investment or government subsidies, will also have to take into account certain international forces. "By 2020 most of the accessible forest in the less developed countries is expected to have been cut for firewood," says a report of the U.S. government called Global 2000. "Canada, as the world's leading exporter, can expect a rapidly growing demand for its forest products."

Perhaps. At the same time some other countries are investing heavily in forestry and threaten to outperform Canada in the marketplace. This is true of the Scandinavians in particular, some Third World countries and also, perhaps more significantly, the United States, which not only competes but controls the market to a large degree.

"In the southern U.S. we plant a billion trees a year," Bruce Zobel, an American consultant, told the Nova Scotia royal commission. "We're developing trees that resist cold, trees that grow in swamps. In Canada your ace-in-the-hole is conifers (softwoods) — if you put money into it. But often you're like a

Clearcutting: a "timing problem"







bunch of crybabies who say 'we can't compete with the south.'"

Wood is a substance of great value in the world, and the support for a \$23 billion industry in Canada. Yet paradoxically it's the low value of wood fibre on the stump in Canada that gives little incentive to invest in long term programs. "The value attributed to the fibre is almost nothing," stated the Nova Scotia royal commission. "At present the return to privately-owned land appears to be negligible," it stated. The same applies to wood owned by the Crown.

Woodland is undervalued in another way. "Forests are at the bottom of the land use pecking order in Canada," says Douglas Eidt of the Maritimes Forest Research Centre in Fredericton. "After setting aside land for airports, roads, farms and parks, what's left over can be used for forestry. Obviously it's not always the best land."

But despite this low value of wood on the stump, the wood products that make it to the marketplace are high cost, as anyone who has been to a building supply store can attest. Energy and transportation costs, outdated mills and labor costs have come together to make wood products expensive although the wood itself cost nearly nothing. "Canada is not a low-cost producer any more," says Peter MacQuarrie, an economist with the Nova Scotia Department of Lands and Forests.

And to add another paradox, despite low prices and shortages of quality trees, there is a substantial excess production of lumber — overpriced lumber of inferior grade, some would say. "There's all kinds of talk about lowering production, but no action," says Don Lockhart, director of the New Brunswick Forest Products Association. "It would have to be done nationally, but there's no mechanism in place to do it."

Meanwhile the research which the experts say is needed is declining rather than increasing. "We're at the stage where we have to cut programs," says Murray Nielson, director of the Maritimes Forest Research Centre, which is run by the federal Canadian Forestry Service. A \$70 million forestry complex planned for Fredericton to serve the Maritimes is on hold. So is a move of the CFS Newfoundland centre from St. John's to Corner Brook.

Something similar could be said of training for forestry management. The United States and Scandinavia employ 25 times as many foresters as Canada, in proportion to the resource. Recent graduates leaving the school of forestry at the University of New Brunswick — the only such school in the Atlantic Provinces — can't get a job.

And, of course, any planning for the future of the forest must increasingly take the environment into account. As forestry borrows the tools of agriculture — insecticides and herbicides — and removes unwanted species, not everyone agrees with



Spruce budworm: the spraying continues, so does the budworm

Bruce Zobel's statement that "good forest management is just like growing tomatoes."

"Harvesting is the greatest disturbance to the forest ecosystem," notes William Freedman, a biologist at Dalhousie University. "It removes nutrients with the biomass, and sometimes fertilizers become necessary. Herbicides are also becoming more prevalent, but no research has yet been done on long-term ecological effects."

The question of forest management in the Atlantic Provinces also inevitably entails the question of woodland ownership. This is especially so in Nova Scotia where private ownership accounts for 70 per cent of forest land, which is divided among a few large pulp companies and 30,000 owners of small woodlots. This is the highest proportion of private holding in Canada, apart from P.E.I.

Getting private woodlot owners to participate in forestry — to manage their wood and sell it when the price doesn't make it worth their while — was central to the report of the Nova Scotia royal commission. "Owners of small woodlots have some of the best land," says John O'Connor, who chaired the royal commission. "The challenge is to make them enthusiastic participants in long-term management plans. But you can't just send out cheques intended for forestry — the result will only be new Oldsmobiles. You need a central agency."

The commission recommended a pro-

gram in which government and industry would double their present spending on forest management. For the private woodlot owners the kicker was this: those who did not participate in this program would be taxed as speculative landholders.

The pulp companies reacted favorably, but the small woodlot owners would have none of it. They saw the recommendation as a confiscatory move to tax them out of existence and take control of their land for the benefit of the pulp companies. The reaction was so strong that Lands and Forests Minister Ken Streach retreated from the proposal immediately. It didn't reassure the owners, however, who formed an organization to guard against the proposal. "The woodlot owners are backed into a corner," says their lawyer, James O'Neil. "They are the last bastion of free enterprise."

The royal commission went to extremes, says J. Louis Robichaud, a director of the woodlot owners' group. "The companies have been murdering the forest. Clearcutting is a disease. And governments have been great givers of our resources, making tremendous concessions to the companies."

In New Brunswick, a major shift in government policy towards forest land management occurred in 1980 with the passage of a new Crown Lands Act. Under it, timber licenses were granted to ten companies that had pulp and lumber mills. In order to keep these licenses the companies were required to set up management





Harvesting: "greatest disturbance to the forest ecosystem"



Planting: just one of the many tools of forest management



## COVER STORY

plans for all the Crown land in the area, even that to be used by other companies. The act assumes that wood will be purchased first from private lands, and from Crown lands as a last resort. It also assumes that quality timber will be allocated to sawmills first, so that any shortfall in wood will be borne by the pulp companies.

"The act divides the land into large units, which are easier to manage," explains Gordon Baskerville. "To keep the books the province bought a geographical information system. This computer mapping system keeps track of the state of the forest on a stand-by-stand basis, so we can tell if the licensees are living up to the agreement. If not, the company will be publicly identified and the license may be handed over to another company."

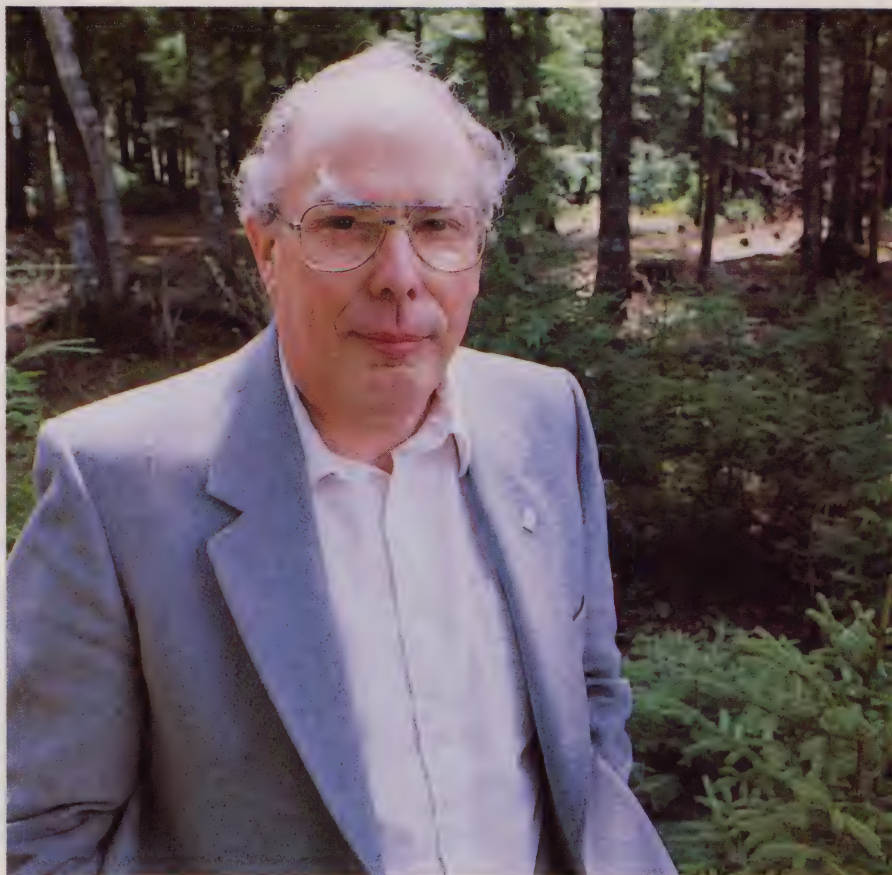
The act is intended to put an end to rip-and-gouge forestry, which has been almost universally practised in Canada in the absence of laws and policies requiring otherwise. Instead it's meant to foster attitudes which in fact have been practised for years by many small woodlot owners. One such woodlot owner is a classic fellow in New Brunswick. He's 84-year-old Bayard Hoyt, who began farming his trees south of Fredericton back in 1920 — building small roads and taking out some wood every ten years. "The worst thing a woodlot owner can do is nothing — or clearcut," he advises. "Companies can afford to plant after they clearcut. We can't."

Hoyt developed his method using horses — "the best friends a forester ever had." Now he uses tractors — but carefully, as he yards the wood out in a herringbone pattern off narrow roads. Driving slowly along one of the roads, Hoyt points out the different stands he is managing. There are alders breaking up the sod in an old field. There's a plantation of young red pines. There are thick groves of softwood destined for pulp and guarded by tall pines — future sawlogs. A power line is lined with fir for Christmas trees.

Hoyt emerges from his truck and shores up a small drainage ditch. "It's not what you get off the land," he says. "It's what you leave." The solution to the forest's problems may be complex, but one might say with some assurance that its future will only be sound once Hoyt's attitude is shared by everyone who uses it.

In Newfoundland, meanwhile, forest policy for years consisted primarily of 99-year timber licenses granted to the province's two original pulp and paper mills, and which gave the companies free rein to operate as they liked. Since the 1970s, however, the provincial government, which owns most of the forest land, has enacted legislation designed to give it control.

Operators must now submit management plans for government approval. Unmanaged land is taxed at a higher rate than managed land, encouraging the companies to relinquish control of unused holdings. The long term licenses, due to expire



DON JOHNSON



JAMES WILSON

Hoyt: "It's what you leave, not what you get off"



in 2002, will likely be replaced by shorter term agreements. "The license recently issued to the new mill at Stephenville is only for 20 years," says Muhammad Nazir. "When negotiating this one, we were not subject to historical constraints."

The sawmill industry in the province is small and Newfoundland is a net importer of sawn products. Coastal communities, however, have small "push bench" mills that can be carried into the woods.

In P.E.I. "our strategy is based on what we have, a surplus of wood that is of low quality, and the highest energy costs in the country," says J.P. Arsenault. The provincial plan is to use the present low quality forest as wood fuel for commercial, institutional and industrial buildings, and to a lesser degree, as firewood for homes. At the same time, forest renewal programs are underway to replace today's forest with a mix of quality timber that can be used for lumber, pulp and Christmas trees.

The need for forest management in Canada, especially silviculture, "is beginning to be appreciated," notes the Science Council of Canada. Indeed, although the country's track record has been poor, investment in the forest industry and in its resource base has increased in recent years.

The big turnaround can be seen in the federal-provincial Forest Resource Development Agreements. Over five years these agreements will finance forest renewal programs in P.E.I. (\$20 million), Nova Scotia (\$53 million) and New Brunswick (\$77 million). An agreement is also being negotiated for Newfoundland. Industry is expected to contribute significantly toward work done on company lands.

A federally aided modernization program for the mills in Atlantic Canada is also in progress. In particular, some \$234 million is to be spent in Newfoundland, mostly on the Corner Brook mill recently purchased by the Kruger Corporation. An estimated \$52 million will be spent on the Scott Maritimes mill in Nova Scotia. New Brunswick tops the list with \$676 million to be spent on six mills.

But while impressive in themselves, these numbers add up to only 4.5 per cent of all capital projects in a region dominated by the forest industry. The energy sector, by comparison, gets 80 per cent of the total for projects now in the planning stage.

So some money is being spent, and there is in fact evidence of a willingness to come to grips with the fact that the forest is not an inexhaustible resource. It's too little too late in terms of avoiding a crunch in the wood supply over the next few decades, of course, but it is a start after centuries of abuse of the forest.

Planning for this shortfall will be tricky, but it's also a challenge in forest management. The wood supply will have to be managed on a "stand-by basis" with computer models and aerial photography, says Gordon Baskerville. If nothing else, "it's an exciting time to be a forester," he says.



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ALBERT LEE

Hudson in one of the 12 hygienic greenhouses of Ocean Mist Mushrooms

## No magic in the business of mushroom growing

*Paul Hudson of Upper Tantallon, N.S. was a reluctant mushroomer at first, but now that he's mastering the intricacies of a business in which so many others failed, his operation is, well, mushrooming*

by Denise Brun

**B**eing the only commercial mushroom farmer in Nova Scotia sounds like an easy way to make a living. After all, you have a product that just about everyone loves and most of your competition is in faraway Ontario. You get a fresh crop every five weeks and you don't need a lot of land — just a few buildings and some compost.

Alas, the truth is that mushroom farming is an extremely chancy operation and growers in the Atlantic region have a poor track record. Just ask Paul Hudson of Ocean Mist Mushrooms of Upper Tantallon, N.S., one of only four mushroom farmers in the region. (There are two such farms in New Brunswick and one in Prince Edward Island.)

Take compost, for example. Since mushrooms, unlike green plants, draw all their nutrients from the medium in which they are grown, any error in the pasteurization process could prove disastrous. Hudson starts with a mixture of 100 pounds of horse manure, 25 per cent raw straw and ten tons of brewer's grain. These ingredients are blended together and left outside for about 17 days to "heat up." The compost is then removed to the pasteurization room for a further two weeks. Hygiene is a constant concern.

Says Hudson, "Mushrooms are extremely sensitive to flies and a wide variety of diseases. There's always something new coming up. We've had to do and learn at the same time."

Hudson's family business was started by his mother in 1983 when she became frustrated at not being able to get good locally produced mushrooms. "Her whole aim in the beginning was to provide a quality product that was not being produced in the province." As the business grew, Hudson tried to find a grower for the crop. When one couldn't be found, he and his brother Tony reluctantly became involved. He explains, "This is a very high risk operation. Others have tried and failed. It's a very technical business and there's a lack of grower experience here."

The high failure rate of other growers hampered Hudson in his quest for financing. He did eventually get partial government funding. "We got half of what we originally requested so we modified the design of the farm. Ocean Mist Mushrooms has 12 basic greenhouse frame buildings in which the mushrooms are grown, each containing some 2000 square feet of bed surface. Last winter a concrete block building was constructed at a cost of over \$100,000 for the pasteurization of

compost on a year-round basis. We had to build it to become a viable operation," says Hudson. In Ontario, where there are many large mushroom farms, compost is processed commercially but, as Nova Scotia's only grower, Hudson doesn't have such a luxury.

Early this year, Ocean Mist Mushrooms was producing up to 500 "masters" a week, large cartons containing eight 12-ounce packages each. "We could probably provide about one-third of the current (Nova Scotia) market if we were to produce full time," says Hudson. As it is, the farm is currently producing some 700,000 pounds of mushrooms a year, fetching between \$1.50 and \$2 a pound.

In view of the long odds and his initial reluctance to get into mushroom farming, Hudson still isn't sure why he changed his mind. "You know mushrooms are considered to be on a par with orchids when it comes to difficulty in growing. But the market is good and I enjoy what I'm doing." That market is largely set by his Ontario competitors who air-freight their produce into the region. The wholesalers set the price "on what they're having to pay for mushrooms from Ontario," Hudson says.

Mushrooms grow from a fungus called mycelium which is a thin, white network of fibres. The spawn is produced in laboratories and consists of sterilized grains of cereals coated with mycelium. Ocean Mist Mushrooms puts in a crop a week. The five-week growing period is followed by a five-week cropping period. During cropping pickers work seven days a week to supply consumers with the "classic, white button mushroom" they demand. They wear gloves and the only other time the mushrooms are handled is when they are weighed and packed for shipping. Otherwise, Ocean Mist Mushrooms is very much a hands-on operation. ☒



# Coal sculptures: Moncton's diamonds in the rough

*Colin Lowther and Joseph Landry had a bright idea: molding figurines out of lowly chunks of coal. Now, six years later, they're employing 27 people*

by Carol McLeod

**C**oal, long the ugly stepsister of the mineral world, has recently emerged as Cinderella thanks to the enterprise of Joseph Landry and Colin Lowther, two Moncton men who have come up with an idea most people would consider startling: coal sculptures.

Retailing at an average price of \$12, the figurines come in a variety of sizes and are available in 160 different designs. And while the figurines may not have the polish of high art they might, in a pinch, supply the energy to cook an egg or steam a cup of rice.

The concept of crafting figures from coal was first developed by Lowther in 1979. He then discussed the idea with Landry who, after six months of experimentation with a variety of engineers and chemists, came up with a suitable process for manufacturing the figurines. Says Landry: "It was just like trying to put a jigsaw puzzle together."

After the first trial pieces had been produced, Lowther took them to Toronto and showed them to a national distributor. The results were positive and in November 1979 Triple L Enterprises Ltd. came into being.

Working with five employees in a plant on the southern outskirts of Moncton near the banks of the Petitcodiac River, Landry and Lowther injected some \$50,000 into the company during its first two years of operation. "It's not the type of enterprise that's equipment heavy," Landry explains, "but it is very labor intensive."

Today the company employs 27, but finding the right people is not always easy. Those who are too artistic soon find the repetitive production process tedious, while those who are not artistic enough can't cope with the intricate detail work involved in turning out the figurines.

Designs for the sculptures are purchased from artists all across Canada. "We know what we want to go into our line," explains Landry, a former giftware distributor, "and usually have artists work up models based on our requirements. Occasionally, though, we come across designs by new artists and if we like them, and if they're for sale, we buy those too."

Once a design is chosen, a mold is cast and the production process is set into motion. Tiny chunks of coal — brought in from Minto, N.B., and Sydney, N.S. — are placed in the molds to form a near-

perfect replica of the original model and are joined together with a special binding agent. Details are then worked into the resulting figurines by hand and the pieces are sealed in a silicone solution to prevent coal dust from coming off when the sculptures are handled. Finally, each coal craft product is fitted with a flannel underpad and packed for shipping.

No new company can come into being, of course, without acquiring its own set of problems and Triple L was no exception. According to Landry, one of his biggest headaches is the fact that coal is

a very difficult medium to work with. "It chips away, and the chemical process we had to develop is very touchy because the composition of each load is different."

Initial response by both retailers and consumers exceeded the company's expectations, and two years ago Landry and Lowther decided to add a line of woodcraft figures. As far back as 1979 they had been aware of the strong market for quality woodcarvings but had decided to concentrate on coal figurines because no one else was manufacturing them. (Today Triple L is still the only company in Canada producing coal sculptures).

Finally, in 1983, they introduced their "Maple Beaver" woodcraft line. Made from compressed maple chips and natural resins, the handpainted figures — which are currently available in 142 designs — created an immediate market and now account for approximately 50 per cent of Triple L's sales.

Last year the company introduced a new line of coal costume jewelry — a piece of coal (a "diamond in the rough") where there's usually a precious stone — and started aiming a larger share of sales at the Christmas market. Drawing on the



Landry and coal sculptures: a big hit in the marketplace

WAYNE CHASE



## BUSINESS

British tradition that coal in a stocking brings good luck, Landry and Lowther began promoting their coal figurines as the ideal Christmas gift.

Market response was encouraging, and with sales up 400 per cent over a few years ago, Landry and Lowther are pleased with the company's overall performance. From the beginning they have left most of their marketing in the hands of national distributors and feel it was a wise choice. Not only has it given their products good market penetration, it has left them free to concentrate on other aspects of the company's day to day operation.

Although Ontario and Western Can-

ada make up approximately 80 per cent of Triple L's market, Landry and Lowther have recently established a major sales outlet at Disneyworld where they sell 4,500 regular line items each year.

They have also begun promoting specialty work with such major companies as Imperial Oil. "For anybody who wants to commission a design," Landry says, "we can produce limited editions of 150 and 200 pieces."

The company's next major target is the U.S. market. According to Landry, he receives requests weekly from American retailers but currently lacks the shipping capabilities to fill them. The European

market, also ripe for the picking, will have to wait: Landry feels that water freight charges are just too high.

In the meantime, production in the Moncton factory proceeds at full capacity as coal, formerly destined to end up as clinkers, is prepared to take its place on a growing number of North American mantelpieces. ☒

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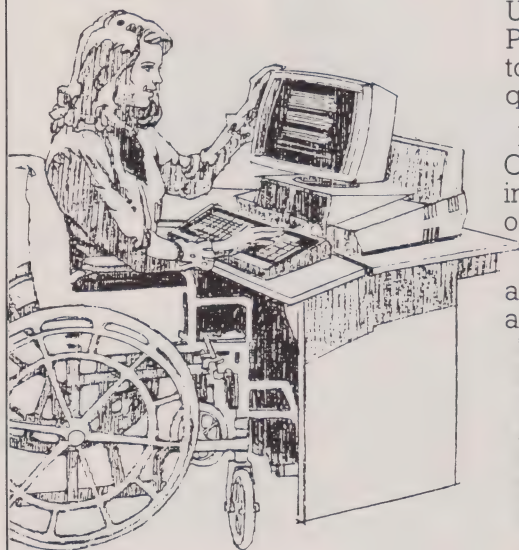
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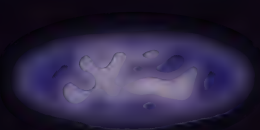
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Some equipment shown may be optional.







Escort is Ford's most popular fun-to-drive car. Escort has front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, and the powerful 1.6 litre CVH engine. To these features, add comfortable seating for four passengers, three body styles, and an impressive model lineup: Escort GT and Turbo GT, Escort LX, Escort GL, Escort L and S.

The 2-door hatchback Escort GT is powered by a 1.6 litre electronic fuel-injected CVH engine, the Turbo GT has the EFI turbo-charged engine. Both have standard 5-speed transmissions and special handling suspensions. They're hot little cars. For the not so sporty, Ford offers the Escort LX with the TR suspension and the 1.6 litre EFI engine with 5-speed manual. LX has an impressive list of interior appointments to match.



Escort S, L, GL, and LX models represent Escort versatility. They offer performance coupled with economy. All come with a long list of standard features.

(A) Escort LX 4-Door Hatchback  
(B) Escort LX interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



# Ford Mustang





Quality and advanced engineering have made Ford Tempo a tremendous success across North America.

The reasons: Tempo has front-wheel-drive, a four-wheel independent suspension, the efficient 2300 HSC engine. A 2.0 litre diesel is available for even higher fuel economy. And inside the Tempo 2-door or 4-door model, you can seat five adults in comfort.

Tempo gives you a choice of three models. The Tempo GLX is the top-

of-the-line. A 5-speed transmission, AM/FM stereo, power steering, tilt steering wheel, instrument package (including tachometer) are all standard. Plus a lot more.

Tempo GL has four ways to equip this mid-series model— from standard on up to luxury and sport models. The exciting new Sport GL is powered by the 2300 HSO-EFI engine, with special handling suspension, P185/70R 14 tires and 7-spoke aluminum wheels. Whatever the level of your exuberance, Tempo GL has a model for you.

Finally, the Tempo L. The lowest priced Tempo, but still with an impressive list of standard features such as: 5-speed manual transmission, power brakes, halogen headlamps and all season P-metric steel-belted radials. It's not surprising Tempo was the best-selling new nameplate of 1984.

(A) Tempo Sport GL 4 Door Sedan  
(B) Tempo GLX interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



## Ford Thunderbird





# Ford Tempo



Thunderbird is a pure driver's car in every respect – in performance and personal luxury. Thunderbird's shape is highly aerodynamic for fuel efficiency, handling stability and interior quietness. Standard are a 3.8 litre V-6 with automatic transmission, a suspension system with nitrogen gas-pressurized shocks and variable ratio power rack and pinion steering.

Thunderbird's new features for 1985 are:

reclining front split bench seats with consolette, AM/FM stereo radio, side window demisters and larger P205/75R 14 all-season tires. The instrument cluster is also new, featuring electronic speedometer, odometer/trip odometer. Thunderbird élan includes luxury cloth seating surfaces, 24-oz. carpeting, an AM/FM stereo/cassette sound system. In fact, there is very little you can add to this Thunderbird.

For the fashion conscious, Ford offers the Fila Thunderbird. Inspired

by the world famous designer of sportswear, it is distinguished by its special exterior trim and interior appointments.

Finally, the world-class touring car, the Turbo Coupe. Powered by the 2.3 litre EFI turbocharged engine with either 5-speed manual or optional automatic, this is the Thunderbird that flies.



(A) Standard Thunderbird  
(B) Thunderbird interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



# Ford LTD



Few cars can match LTD Crown Victoria in riding comfort, quietness and 6-passenger roominess. LTD Crown Victoria is engineered with solid body-on-frame construction. A full coil spring suspension system with new nitrogen gas-pressurized shocks is standard. A 5.0 litre V-8 with Automatic Overdrive transmission gives Crown Victoria a trailer towing capability of up to 2268 kg (5,000 lbs.) (2722 kg

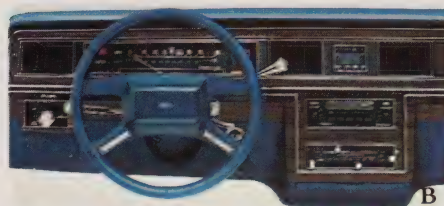
(6,000 lbs.) with the optional 5.8 litre V-8) with the optional heavy-duty trailer towing package.

**LTD Crown Victoria Sedans** are luxuriously appointed. The flight bench seat with dual recliners is upholstered in soft cloth seating surfaces. Door trim panels are richly padded. Carpeting is thick 453 g (16 oz) cut-pile and no other sedan has more trunk space than LTD Crown Victoria's 634 L (22.4 cu. ft.).

### LTD Crown Victoria Station Wagons

The steel-side LTD Crown Victoria and the classic Country Squire have exclusive wagon features such as Ford's innovative 3-Way Doorgate and two lockable storage compartments in addition to the spacious cargo area.

LTD Crown Victoria Wagon and Country Squire provide a 2534 L (89.5-cu. ft.) cargo volume index. No other wagon offers more.



B



B

(A) LTD Crown Victoria 4 Door Sedan  
(B) Interior Luxury Group interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.







Ford LTD sedan and wagon models are roomy and comfortable. And capable on the road, with an aerodynamic shape for stability along with a suspension that features nitrogen gas-pressurized shocks and struts for excellent ride and handling.

The standard LTD has reclining split bench front seats, or a full-width flight bench seat that makes LTD a 6-passenger car.

Power brakes and P 195/75R 14 all-season steel-belted radial tires and the 2.3 litre 4-cylinder engine with EEC-IV computer and SelectShift automatic transmission are standard.

In Brougham, luxury is standard. The split bench seats have a knit-cloth seating surface, plus seatback map pockets. Deep colour-keyed 453 g (16-oz.) carpeting covers the floor. And Brougham comes with all the features of the Light Group including a dual beam map light.



**LTD LX** is an outstanding performance car with its High Output fuel-injected 5.0 litre engine, handling suspension, Goodyear Eagle GT P205/70HR 14" performance tires and 15: steering gear. It's a family sedan with a single-minded purpose.

**LTD Wagon** is powered by a standard 3.8 litre V-6 engine with SelectShift automatic transmission.

LTD Wagon comes with a lockable rear storage compartment, carpeted cargo floor and cargo area light—in addition to all the features standard in the LTD Sedan.

(A) LTD Brougham 4 Door Sedan

(B) LTD Brougham interior

Some equipment shown may be optional.

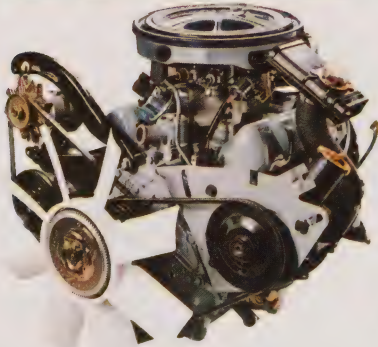


Ford LTD  
Crown Victoria





B



C

**Unsurpassed quality, plus new power and economy—gas or diesel.** Ranger is Ford's small pickup that looks great and is fun to drive. Ranger is built with a tradition of toughness like the big Fords. It has a solid capacity for work with big payloads ranging up to 801 kg

(1,765 pounds).

**High-tech under the hood.** EFI and EEC-IV – one of the world's most advanced on-board automotive computers.

The new 2.3L Electronic Fuel Injected 4-cylinder engine benefits from the EEC-IV Computer control system and new multi-point fuel injection.

A 5-speed manual Overdrive transmission is now standard with a new 4-speed Automatic Overdrive transmission available. In addition, the popular and powerful 2.8L V-6 engine is optional. A new 2.3L Turbo diesel engine is optional on Ranger (Available Feb.'85).

**Choice of two-or four-wheel drive.** On the road or off—Ford Ranger gives you the right choice of traction to do your job. Tough 4x4 or 4x2 models.

(A) Ranger XLT 4x4 (B) Ranger XLT interior with optional bucket seats and console (C) Powerful 2.8L V-6. Some equipment shown may be optional.



A



**Ford F-Series Pickup  
4x2 and 4x4**



# Ford Ranger 4x2 and 4x4



## Ford full-size pickups are tough, powerful and number one!

Big and brawny, Ford Pickups are offered in a complete line, including Regular Cab, SuperCab and Crew Cab models, both 4x2 and 4x4. Ford F-Series Pickups continue to lead the field. Ford has been the sales leader for nine straight years.\*

\*R.L. Polk & Co. cumulative registrations 1976 through May, 1984.

## Performance highlights.

For 1985, Ford offers a choice of engines that range from the standard 4.9L six cylinder, the biggest, most popular engine in its class, to optional 5.0L, 5.8L and 7.5L V-8's and a 6.9L V-8 diesel, the newest, most powerful heavy duty diesel available in pickups today.

**Full-size Regular Cab.** The spacious Ford F-Series Regular Cab has a generous full-width seat with shoulder room for spread-out 3-passenger seating comfort. **SuperCab.** A Ford full-size pickup exclusive, it's the only two-door pickup big enough for an

optional full-width bench seat in back. It's roomy enough for a family of six. **Crew Cab.** Comfortable accommodations for six adults.

**Ford 4-Wheelers.** Here's the same power and cab choice as 4x2s. The convenient floor-mounted lever allows shifting between 2-wheel high and 4-wheel high, without stopping when the hubs are locked. The standard free-running hubs are manual locking with automatic hubs optional on F-150 models. Tough, Twin-Traction Beam front suspension is another key 4x4 feature.



(A) F-150 XLT Lariat Styleside Pickup.  
(B) F-150 XLT Lariat Supercab Pickup.  
Some equipment shown may be optional.





Ford Bronco is the full-size total utility sales leader for the fifth straight year.<sup>†</sup> And that's because Bronco gives you more of what you want in a full-size 4-wheeler. Start with a comfortable interior that can seat up to six passengers with the optional front bench seat. And the back seat folds forward for added cargo room when the need arises. Bronco is maneuverable, too, with power steering, power front disc/rear drum brakes and high

angles of approach and departure.

Standard Bronco power is supplied by the high-torque 4.9L 6-cylinder engine and 4-speed manual transmission. Optional power combinations include the new 5.0L electronic multi-port fuel-injected V-8, available 11/84, and 4-speed manual transmission. Or for really heavy going like pulling Class III tandem axle trailers, order the 5.8L HO V-8 with 4-barrel carburetor. Optional transmissions include a 4-speed manual with overdrive fourth gear or SelectShift automatic transmission. Or Ford's innovative Automatic Overdrive transmission with the 5.0L EFI V-8 engine.

The Bronco model lineup includes the standard Bronco, XLT and the new for 1985 Eddie Bauer Bronco. Eddie Bauer, a name synonymous with outdoor recreation, adds special interior and exterior style plus the new 5.0L EFI V-8 engine standard.



(A) Eddie Bauer Bronco (B) Bronco XLT  
(C) Eddie Bauer Bronco interior  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



# Ford Bronco II



Bronco II – rugged and versatile off-road, stylish and contemporary around town.

For 1985, Bronco II has a lot to offer in the way of new powerteams. Start with the standard 2.8L V-6 with EEC-IV computer control and 5-speed manual overdrive transmission. For top performance and diesel economy, there's a new 2.3L turbo diesel option. (Feb. '85)

Bronco II's proven built tough features include: Rugged Twin-Traction Beam independent front suspension. Manual-locking, free-running front hubs (automatic locking hubs optional). Power steering. Power front disc/rear drum brakes, and more.

Inside Bronco II, you have the comfort of reclining front bucket seats and a split fold-down rear bench seat. Bronco II adds to your comfort with a completely tailored interior including:



Full length color-keyed carpeting and insulation. Color-keyed quarter trim panels with ashtrays and padded arm-rests. New "soft feel" A-frame steering wheel.

No matter which Bronco II you choose, the standard Bronco II, XLT, or XLS or Eddie Bauer Bronco II, you'll be pleased with the quality and style of Ford's compact 4-wheeler.

(A) Bronco II XLT (B) Bronco II XLT interior  
(C) Eddie Bauer Bronco II  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



# Ford Bronco





Ford Club Wagon: full-size room, full-size comfort, full-size power. Ford Club Wagons for '85 give you big wagon capability for vacationing in style, trailer towing or van pooling.

Spacious Club Wagons can be tailored to meet the needs of any size family or riding group. Regular Club Wagons seat up to 12 passengers – 15

in the longer Super Wagon. There's a wide variety of seating arrangements with available quick release passenger seats.

Interior comfort is provided by front bucket seats and a rear bench seat in XL. XLT features reclining Captain's Chairs. There's also full-length color-keyed carpeting, AM radio (may be deleted for credit), interval wipers and gauges for ammeter, oil pressure and temperature, and more, all standard.

Ford's Club Wagon far exceeds the conventional wagon in trailer towing too. The E-250 and E-350 models equipped with the 6.9L diesel V-8 give the Club Wagon a GCWR of 6350 kg (14,000 pounds). Order the improved 7.5L gas V-8 and the GCWR is over 8392 kg (18,500 lbs.).

All in all, Ford Club Wagons are perfect for families on the go.

(A) Club Wagon XLT (B) Club Wagon interior  
(C) Optional Quad Captain's Chairs  
Some equipment shown may be optional.







## Ford Econoline Van



The quality-built Ford Econoline puts it all together for you in a hard-working, versatile van. You get outstanding engineering features like forged Twin-I-Beam front suspension. Exclusive "out-front" design that provides plenty of move-around room up front and easier access to key underhood items. And, Econoline is spacious with a wide range of payload capacities.

Econoline power is provided by the standard 4.9L 6-cylinder engine – the biggest Six in the industry. Or choose from three optional gas-powered V-8s – 5.0L, 5.8L or the big 7.5L with a GCWR of 8392 kg (18,500 lbs.) and gross trailer weight of 4536 kg (10,000 pounds).

### Diesel power, too!

You can order true-truck diesel power for your new Econoline with the 6.9L diesel engine. It's the largest diesel power plant available in a van today, and it has the most power in its class – 35 more horsepower than its closest competitor.



(A) Econoline Van XL  
(B) Econoline XL shown with optional fixed rear door glass  
(C) Econoline Van interior  
Some equipment shown may be optional.





There are still a few cars in this world that let you know their purpose with just one look.



B



Mercury Capri is one of them. This is a car for people who believe that driving is intended for adventure – not merely day-to-day transportation. For 1985, Mercury offers two Capris: the standard Capri GS and the performance-minded Capri RS.

The Capri GS is powered by a standard 2.3 litre four-cylinder overhead cam engine. A manual four-speed transmission is also standard.

For the horsepower-minded, Capri GS is available with two optional engines, a 3.8 litre V-6 or the awesome high-output 5.0 litre V-8.

Capri RS is the stuff dreams are made of. Equipped with the 5.0 litre HO V-8, five speed overdrive manual transmission and performance suspension, Capri RS has performance that will take your breath away.

Take a ride in a Mercury Capri. It's exciting, it's spirited. It's a car for people who know what driving's all about . . . and won't settle for less.

(A) Capri RS  
(B) Capri GS interior  
(C) Capri RS interior  
Some equipment shown may be optional.





# Mercury Lynx



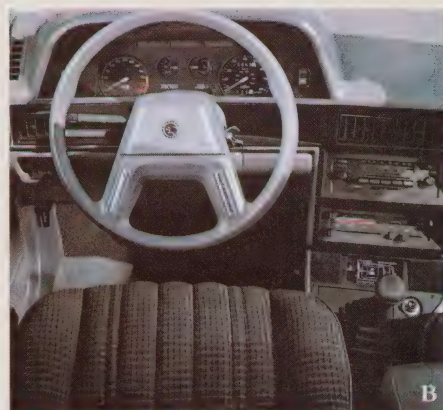
Lynx is the small car of big ideas. For example, Lynx has front-wheel-drive for exceptionally good traction in all weather conditions. All Lynx models have rack-and-pinion steering and four-wheel independent suspension for a smooth ride and handling that inspires confidence.

Lynx is powered by a standard 1.6 litre CVH high output engine, a power plant that delivers both sprightly performance and fuel economy.

Every Lynx, be it three-door or five-door in L or top-of-the-line GS offers an interior that's practical, pleasurable and comfortable.

Lynx instrumentation and controls are simple to understand and easy to use. The steering wheel design allows

a good view of the gauges and warning lights. Vital functions are activated from easy-to-reach stalk-mounted controls. Truly the Lynx interior has been designed with you, the driver, in mind.



Mercury Lynx is the little car that's big in a lot of ways ... like quality, performance, comfort economy and space.

(A) Lynx GS 5 Door. (B) Lynx GS interior. (C) Lynx GS Wagon. Some equipment shown may be optional.







The qualities that make the 1985 Mercury Topaz such an outstanding automobile didn't just happen. They are the result of intensive development by people dedicated to a philosophy that shuns compromise and prohibits mediocrity.

Topaz is the result.

Topaz aerodynamics and styling arouse the senses. It is testimony to

the simple logic that form should follow function, that shape should serve purpose. This shape carries five people, 368.1 litres (13 cu. ft.) of luggage space and a high-tech front-wheel-drive engine that excels at cheating the wind.

Topaz was built to appeal to drivers who want to be participants not spectators. It is engineered to enhance the partnership between driver and automobile.

Plush, supportive seats and a complement of convenience items are standard in both two and four-door models.

Whatever your preference, the well equipped L, Select L, GS, the luxury GS, or the luxurious LS—every Topaz includes two additional no-cost features: quality materials and excellent workmanship.

(A) Topaz LS 2 Door  
(B) Topaz LS instrument panel and interior  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



## Mercury Cougar





# Mercury Topaz



A

Cougar was designed not only to look beautiful, but also to perform beautifully. Whether it's the Cougar, the standard Cougar LS or the sports-minded Cougar XR-7, state-of-the-art technology is used to deliver a balanced car that offers stunning performance and excellent fuel economy. Underneath the car, for example, Cougar's Nitra-Cushion suspension keeps all four wheels on the road while sending precise signals to the driver.

New driver-oriented instrument panels make all controls easy to reach and easy to read.

There's a 2.3 litre, four-cylinder turbo standard in the Cougar XR-7, while the Cougar and Cougar LS offer a standard 3.8 litre V-6. The 2.3 litre engine is equipped with electronic fuel-injection and an advanced on-board computer called EEC-IV.

Understated, tasteful interiors provide a level of luxury that satisfies all your senses. The 1985

Mercury Cougar is ready to meet or exceed your expectations of what a personal luxury car is all about.



B



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(A) Cougar XR-7

(B) Cougar XR-7 interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.

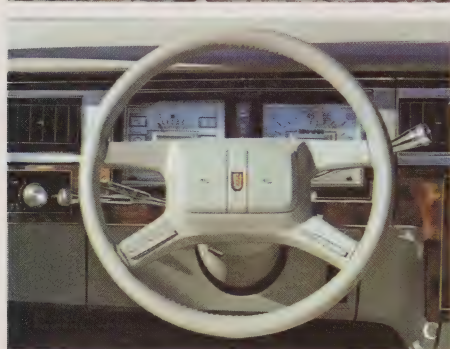


# Mercury Marquis



In an age of "down-sizing" it's comforting to know you can still get a traditional "full-size" North American sedan.

That is exactly what the Grand Marquis is . . . an automobile of substance, a true full-size car that coddles six in opulent comfort and a plush, quiet ride.



A car of this stature should cradle its occupants in an environment of luxury. Again, Grand Marquis delivers.

All models—Grand Marquis, Grand Marquis LS, or the Colony Park Wagons—have Twin Comfort Lounge seats covered in luxurious cloth.

Whether standard or LS, all Grand Marquis have the Mercury touch of luxury . . . power windows, quartz clock, AM/FM radio, courtesy lighting and plush cut-pile carpeting that lines the interior.

Finally a car this size should have luggage space. Grand Marquis boasts the largest cargo capacity of any passenger car available today. Its fully carpeted deep-well trunk has 623 litres (22 cu. ft.) of space.

The full-size North American car lives on in a grand tradition . . . Mercury Grand Marquis.

(A) Grand Marquis 4 Door  
(B) Grand Marquis Wagon and 2 Door Sedan  
(C) Grand Marquis instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.

A







Mercury believes that beauty for beauty's sake alone is fine in the art world. It's not so fine in the practical, everyday world of cars. So, Marquis was designed to be both beautiful and efficient.

Marquis' attractive shape, with its sloped nose, steeply raked windshield and raised rear deck, helps overcome wind resistance for better handling and excellent fuel economy.

Mercury understands that cars must be designed for people.

That means that when Marquis' shape was designed, your shape wasn't forgotten.

Marquis' interior features elegance and comfort for six people (with optional flight bench front seat). Centre fold-down arm-rests, luxurious cloth upholstery and deep-pile carpeting are a pleasure to the eye and touch.

Standard on the 1985 Marquis



is an efficient 2.3 litre overhead cam four cylinder engine and a three-speed SelectShift automatic. Electronic Engine Control (EEC-IV) is also standard.

In total, the 1985 Mercury Marquis represents a delicate balance between elegance and state-of-the-art technology.

(A) Marquis Brougham 4 Door (B) Marquis Wagons  
(C) Marquis Brougham interior  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



## Mercury Grand Marquis



For 63 years, the Lincoln name has been identified with distinctive styling, smooth power, comfort, and, above all, a quiet and gracious ride.

This heritage has never been more evident than in the 1985 Lincoln Town Car. It is one of the few remaining traditional six-passenger luxury sedans.

All three Town Car models—the Cartier Designers Series, the Signature Series, and standard Town Car—share the same body-on-frame construction that provides the traditional comfort and quietness

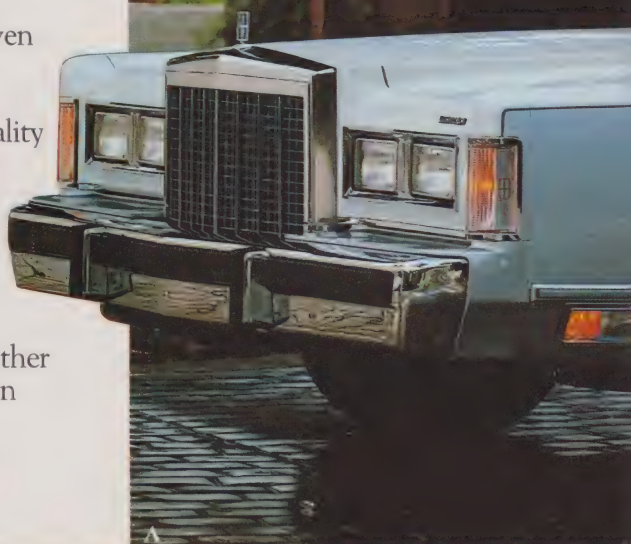
expected of Lincoln luxury sedans.

The three models also share a powerful, responsive 5.0-litre V-8 engine, equipped with Ford Motor Company's remarkable fourth-generation Electronic Engine Control (EEC-IV) system. The heart of the control is a computer chip no larger than a thumbnail, but with the power to conserve fuel, provide easier starting in cold weather, adjust the fuel mixture, and even diagnose a malfunction.

Mechanical sophistication is only one measure of the quality built into every Town Car. That's because quality is not an abstract idea or idle boast at the factory where all Lincolns are assembled. It's a daily commitment.

Lincoln Town Car... no other luxury car measures up to it—in style, comfort, or space.

(A) Cartier Lincoln Town Car  
(B) Cartier Lincoln Town Car interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



## Lincoln Continental





# Lincoln Town Car



Continental is an extraordinary luxury sedan. Masterfully engineered, electronically sophisticated, aerodynamically sleek, and beautifully built with a vigorous commitment to quality, it's the most technologically advanced Continental ever produced. At the same time, its interior is seductively comfortable—with room for up to five adults.

Nowhere is Continental's advanced technology more apparent than in its exceptionally comfortable ride. Its Electronic Air Suspension system is a technological marvel. It replaces conventional springs with cushions of air that provide a remarkably comfortable ride.

High technology also is apparent in Continental's standard 5.0-litre V-8 engine. It features both electronic fuel injection and an Electronic Engine Control system (EEC-IV)—one of the most technologically advanced systems of its kind in the world.

Or, you might choose Continental's European-designed 2.4-litre inline six-cylinder turbo-charged diesel.

In 1985, there are three elegant Continentals to choose from: standard Continental, the Designer Series by Valentino, and the Designer Series by Givenchy.

Continental '85. Sophisticated technology has never been packaged so beautifully. Or luxuriously.



(A) Lincoln Continental 4 Door  
(B) Continental interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.



# Continental Mark VII



## THE LINCOLN CARD.



OUR CONFIRMATION OF QUALITY. FOR THREE YEARS,  
VIRTUALLY ALL YOU'LL PAY FOR IS GASOLINE.

The Lincoln Card provides you with one of the most comprehensive owner protection programs provided by any luxury vehicle manufacturer in North America or abroad.

A three year unlimited mileage plan that covers all scheduled maintenance services as listed in the owner guide, replacement of items necessitated by wear and all repairs that may be necessary due to defects in materials. The Lincoln Card also includes towing and transportation assistance. Damage caused by acci-

dents and abuse, or fluids required between scheduled maintenance intervals, tires, vehicles in daily rental, taxi or limousine service are not included in the program.

Your Lincoln dealer would be more than pleased to review with you all of the information regarding this preferential plan, to make your Lincoln driving years as pleasurable as possible. Under the program, the Lincoln Card is also transferable at no charge to those subsequent purchasers who own the vehicle within the 3 year period.







Continental Mark VII is a decidedly different kind of luxury automobile – the ultimate expression of Lincoln's driver centered design philosophy. It's innovative technology, dynamic styling, aggressive performance and comfortable yet functional interior earn it a place alongside the world's finest touring coupes.

The Lincoln Mark VII is available in three models.

The Mark VII LSC: for those with a driving passion. LSC's taut, dynamically styled body is attractive yet functional. The LSC's aerodynamics help reduce wind noise and enhance road stability.

Superb road manners are only one facet of the total LSC performance. Quick-ratio power assisted rack-and-pinion steering delivers cat-quick response. LSC's spirited acceleration comes from an improved performance version of the fuel-injected 5.0 litre V-8 engine that is standard in Mark VII.

For all its performance credentials, Mark VII LSC doesn't forget about the accommodation of its occupants. Driver and front-seat passenger are

cradled in new articulated sport seats with leather seating surfaces. The driver's seat has no less than 11 individual adjustments for obtaining comfort and perfect driving position.

Mark VII LSC, an automobile that so perfectly blends luxury and performance – and in a class all its own.

The Bill Blass Designer Series features a distinctive paint and Tu-Tone pinstripe treatment coupled with elegant wire spoke aluminium wheels, and a Carob Brown interior with standard leather seating surfaces.

The look is distinctively Bill Blass. The performance, technology and luxury are distinctively Mark VII.

The Mark VII Versace edition adds panache to performance. The Mark VII Versace features a Navy Clearcoat Metallic exterior with coordinated bodyside and decklid striping and exquisite wire-spoke wheels. Inside, seats are covered with ultra-soft leather in Admiral Blue.

The Mark VII Versace Designer Series. Its dashing looks are the perfect match for its stunning performance.

*(A) Versace Continental Mark VII. (B) Bill Blass Continental Mark VII. Some equipment shown may be optional.*





# Merkur XR4Ti







The Merkur XR4Ti brings Ford's European technology to North America. A potent road machine with an autobahn heritage that is readily apparent in both its aerodynamic design and road ability.

Imported from Germany, the XR4Ti is powered by a 2.3 litre, four cylinder turbo charged engine. Engine performance is monitored by Ford's industry leading Electronic Engine Control system (EEC-IV). A five speed manual transmission is standard.

The Merkur XR4Ti is a supremely comfortable grand touring automobile. Full instrumentation including a tachometer is standard as is plush upholstery on contoured seats and deep-pile carpeting.

Merkur XR4Ti... for drivers who want a little exuberance in their lives.



(A) Merkur XR4Ti  
(B) Merkur XR4Ti interior and instrument panel  
Some equipment shown may be optional.

A









# Adventures at the car lot

From the latest car models to the latest car features, we'll help you find the car that's right for you.

## Send for more facts.

Please send me additional free information and brochures about the car or truck checked below:

Make, Model:

As Shown on Page:

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2. \_\_\_\_\_

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Your Name

(please print)

Address

City

Prov.

Postal Code

AI



Photo: Michael O'Connell/PhotoDisc

...the car lot. The car lot is a place where you can find the car of your dreams. It's a place where you can find the car that's right for you. It's a place where you can find the car that's right for you.

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The car lot is a place where you can find the car of your dreams. It's a place where you can find the car that's right for you. It's a place where you can find the car that's right for you.



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# Adventures at the car lot

*Roger MacLeod got taken by a car salesman. He kicked up a little fuss, then suddenly the shoe was on the other foot*

by Jim Cluett

**R**oger MacLeod, a Revenue Canada tax auditor in Charlottetown, may know every tax trick in the book, but when he bought his first new car last spring he darned near lost his shirt. A fast talking salesman at MacLennan Motors in Charlottetown quoted him \$12,400 for a new Chevy Cavalier station wagon, and clinched the deal at \$11,400. Several months later a co-worker, Doug Shackell, told MacLeod he'd bought the same car from the same dealer for \$2,500 less.

"The salesman told me he was giving me a \$1,000 deal because I was such a nice guy," explains MacLeod when asked if he'd been a sucker. "I thought I was getting a pretty fair shake." But when he compared sales invoices with his friend

he really was shaken.

MacLeod paid a quick visit to the dealer to find out how two cars, exactly the same except for the color of the paint, could sell for a difference of \$2,500. MacLeod never got the answer. Instead the sales manager offered him another deal. He'd take back the car and return MacLeod's purchase price. But he wanted MacLeod to pay \$350 a month for the time he'd had the car. Not bad except that MacLeod had been paying \$320 a month to his bank, payments that he couldn't get back. MacLeod said, "no thanks," and started writing letters.

First he wrote to General Motors in Moncton. A month later he read the reply. General Motors would not interfere in negotiations between its dealers and in-

dividual purchasers. "We appreciate having you as a GM owner, Mr. MacLeod, and want to thank you for allowing us to outline our position in this matter," the letter concluded. But MacLeod was beginning to wonder how much he appreciated GM. The next day he wrote to GM's Canadian headquarters in Oshawa.


The customer service manager at GM wrote back that "General Motors of Canada Ltd. urges all of its dealers to maintain high ethical standards and to deal fairly with the public." But that was it. "We as manufacturers," continued the letter, "do not require and, in fact, the law does not permit us to regulate or dictate the retail prices quoted by our dealerships." Fed up with normal channels, MacLeod told his story to half the province on television.

And it was pretty graphic, the two cars and the two owners lined up side by side in a parking lot. Roger MacLeod left nothing out.

Two days later the provincial department of consumer services had a few complaints of its own. P.E.I.'s Highway Traffic Act requires car dealers to post new car price stickers on the windshield of every new car sold. Under law the stickers must show the list price, the price of the options, the provincial tax and the total price. MacLennan Motors had routinely removed the manufacturer's sticker from every car in the lot.

Then there was a slap in the face from General Motors in Oshawa. A senior GM spokesman announced to the media that not only had MacLeod paid too much for his car, so had his friend. "We have investigated the situation," said Nick Hall of GM. "There is no question in my mind that both individuals were charged too much. The manufacturer's suggested retail price for this car is around \$8,500. But we can't do anything about it. A dealer can charge as much or as little for a car as he wants." The GM spokesman advised all prospective customers to ask the dealer to provide the manufacturer's list price. He then said that anyone calling any GM regional office will be given that price by GM so the dealer's quote can be confirmed.

For MacLennan Motors all the publicity was becoming a bit too much. Ten months after Roger MacLeod had purchased his station wagon he received a phone call. The owner of the dealership offered to refund his money in full if MacLeod would bring in the car. Actually MacLeod preferred to keep the car and receive a refund for his over-payment. But the only offer was a total refund and return of the car. MacLeod left the 1984 Cavalier and walked away with repayment in full.

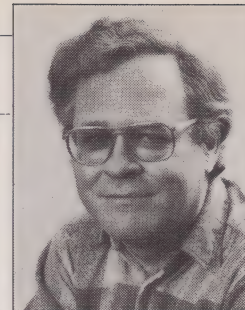
His friends bought him a book on how to buy a new car, and Roger MacLeod went looking for another bargain . . . at a different dealership. 



Roger MacLeod: how *not* to buy a new car



# Watching royal tours from a cabin without television



I'm a curmudgeon about Royal Visits. I'd rather watch a Tall Ships Parade any day. Indeed, I'd rather watch mud-wrestling than a Royal Visit, or maybe a jumping contest among peppy frogs. Presbyterians and Methodists of the sterner sort used to abhor ostentatious ceremony, and maybe I've inherited some of their killjoy's attitude. In any event, I was skimming the *Presbyterian Witness* for March 16, 1901, the other day — and it's not everyone who chooses to while away a June afternoon in so character-building a fashion — when I espied an observation on the “enormous amounts of money” that men and women would soon spend for the “gorgeous apparel” they'd be wearing during the coronation of King Edward VII.

The *Witness*, which came out of Halifax, was not amused: “The study of ornamental clothing, the man-millinery business, is not particularly elevating or edifying . . . We always see with regret any tendency towards display in ecclesiastical, scholastic, social, or political, or civic demonstrations. The beauty and grandeur of simplicity ought to be recognized and cherished. The pomp and circumstance of court functions and of warlike celebrations and demonstrations are not born of the highest civilizations.”

You see? Even in 1902, some highly respectable folks felt that royal pomp was not even civilized. Actually, I dislike Royal Visits not because their lavishness makes them immoral but because they're boring — even the, ugh, “walkabouts.” But during television coverage of any Royal Visit, I have only to look at the adoring mobs on my screen to know that I'm the one who is out of step. (And, of course, I have only to switch channels to find relief in, say, a *Love Boat* repeat.)

Once, I was not like this. In 1948, when I was 13, I stood on a Toronto street, shivering with my Grade Eight buddies and waiting to applaud a motorcade bearing the world's best woman figure-skater, Barbara Ann Scott of Ottawa. She was Canada's darling, and we were at an age when boys began to talk about girls they “liked”. The question of the hour was: Who do you “like” most? Princess Margaret Rose, Princess Elizabeth, or Barbara Ann Scott? Princess Margaret Rose got my vote.

Toronto was a relentlessly pro-British city. Many Torontonians stoutly believed not only that the British people were the finest on earth but also that anything the British made — automobiles, marmalade, sweaters, furniture, silverware, movies —

was automatically the best.

You remember that eminent Torontonian, Vincent Massey, our first native-born Governor General? He was Canada's high commissioner to London during World War II, and according to a story I recently heard from an historian, Massey extolled the natural superiority of the British “race” so vigorously during a London dinner party that his host, a local politician, finally said, “That sounds like the sort of theory we're trying to destroy by winning this war.”

But no one needs me to document the Britishness of the old Toronto. I'll just offer two appropriate memories, both as clear in my mind as the crosses on the Union Jack. Once was the sign that dominated the clubhouse of the boys' sailing school at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club 35 years ago.

## I'd rather watch mud wrestling than a Royal Visit

It bore Lord Nelson's, “England expects every man will do his duty.” Each summer day, boys gathered under that stirring motto, and then set sail in wooden catboats, called “Brutal Beasts,” to do grim battle not at Trafalgar but in races over a triangular course on Toronto Harbor.

The other memory concerns my Grade Five teacher, a woman who was built like a rhino and free with the strap. She brooked no nonsense. But tears came to her eyes whenever she made us raise our squeaky sopranos to belt out *The British Grenadiers*:

“Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;  
Of Hector, and Lysander, and such great names as these;  
But of all the world's brave heroes,  
There's none that can compare  
With a tow, row, row, row, row,  
For the British Grenadier.”  
I can still hear us.

I own a sturdy, red, 60-year-old book called *All About Canada For Little Folk, Book I*, by one D.J. Dickie. It was for Grade One kids across the country, and

you can't read it without grasping why so many Canadians are unshakably loyal to the British connection.

“This is our flag,” the book trumpets, beside a fluttering Union Jack, and of course it *was* our flag. “Look at its beautiful colours. The red means that Canadians are brave. The blue means that Canadians tell the truth. The white means that Canadians try to do what is right. WHAT ARE YOU? CANADIANS. . . Look at Clifford. He is saluting the flag (the Union Jack. . . Salute the flag every morning. . . Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!)”

And then, “LEARN THIS SONG! Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue. The army and navy for ever! Three cheers for the red, white and blue.” The tiny pupils also learned, “The British Empire is the family to which Canada belongs. It is a large family. There are eleven children. Canada is the oldest. May 23 is Empire Day. Let us have a party.”

Some party. It consisted of 11 six-year-olds standing in a row, each representing “one of the Empire children.” These were England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland, India and, my favorite, “The Islands of the Sea.”

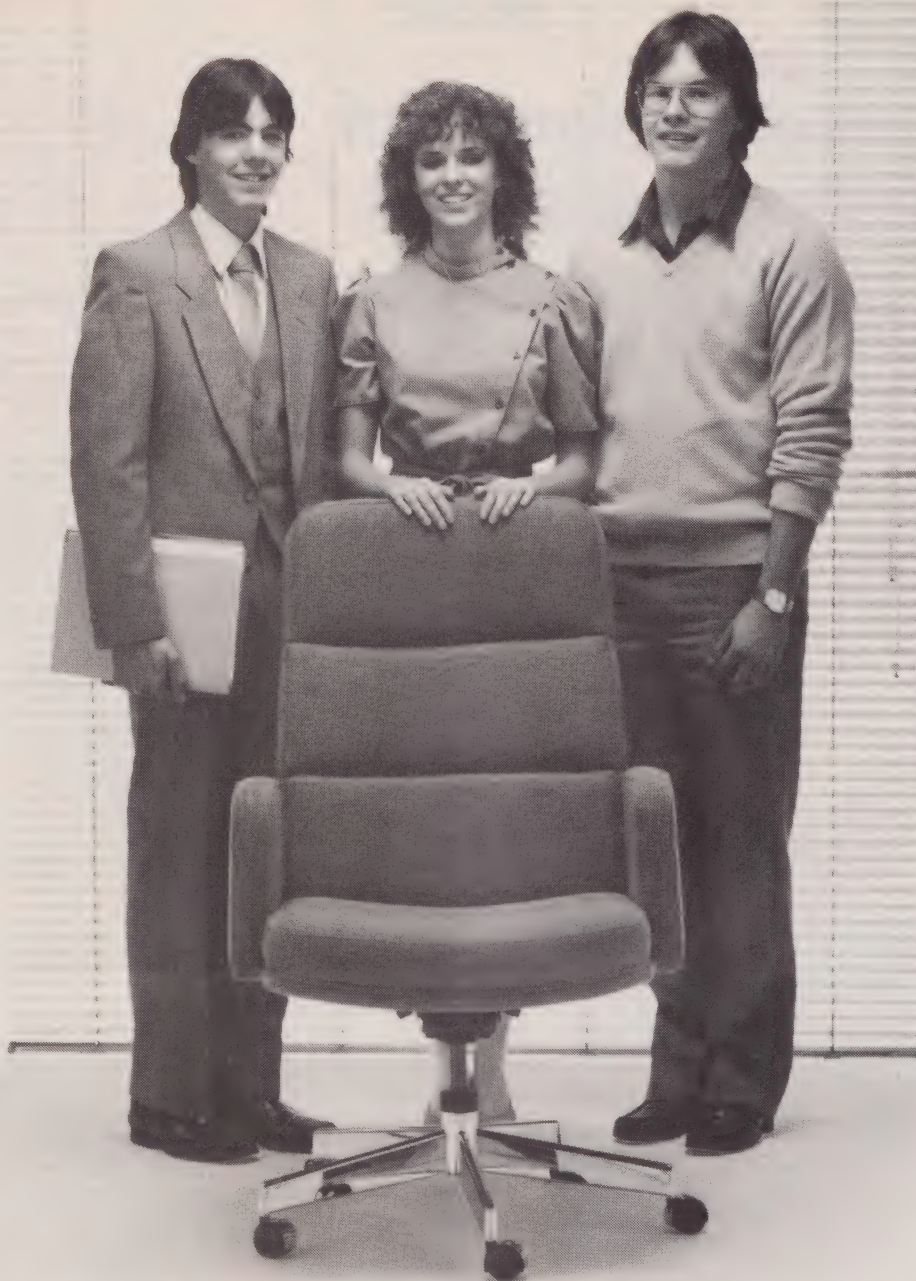
*All About Canada For Little Folk* fails to explain how Canada got to be the “oldest” among children who included England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, but it did provide rousing instructions to end the party: “Then all shout together, ‘The British Empire! God Save the King!’ ”

This style of education reminds me of television documentaries about the political brainwashing of cute tots in Red China. It was, of course, neither as relentless nor aggressive as that, but all the same I have only to glance through *All about Canada* to understand that, for millions of Canadians, it was not possible to grow up without absorbing reverence for the Royal Family.

I lost mine as a young reporter for the *Ottawa Journal*. Whenever a Royal Visit hit town, the *Journal* ordered squads of reporters, including me, to drop everything in the cause of tagging around town after the royals in case they did something interesting. They never did. They seemed to be decent enough folks, but saying or doing interesting things was not their job.

Covering them was monumentally tedious, and the next time royals visit Halifax I intend to be 180 miles away, sipping rum-and-rainwater at a cabin without television on the shore of Chedabucto Bay. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! ☑





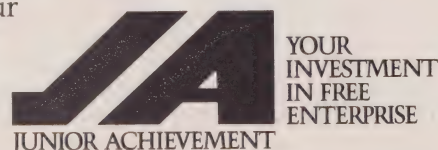
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# The big accomplishment of little Chester's brass band

*The home of rich Americans, retired admirals and yachtsmen has another distinction: Chester, N.S., has North America's second best brass band. And it's still improving*

by Denise Brun

**F**or decades the village of Chester on Nova Scotia's South Shore has been known as the summer home of rich Americans, the retirement home of beached Canadian admirals and the playground of yachtsmen of various means. Now it has another reason for modest but growing fame: Chester is the home of one of North America's best brass bands — precisely and officially, the second best on the entire continent. Not bad at all for a community of only 1200 souls.

It wasn't by accident that the Chester Brass Band this spring finished first in the Canadian and second in the North American Brass Band Championships. The village has a band music tradition stretch-

ing back to 1873. That's when the first band was organized. In 1906 it incorporated and over the years performed at many of Chester's social functions and on Friday nights at the picturesque bandstand overlooking the harbor. But as happened in so many other communities, the Chester band gradually stagnated after the Second World War. Then, in 1981, Gordon McGowan came on the scene. A champion was in the making.



McGowan: band deserves a permanent place to practice

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McGowan had had a life-long involvement with music. As a boy in his native England, he was advised to take up the cornet to strengthen his lungs after a bout with tuberculosis and went on to become a featured trombone soloist on both sides of the Atlantic. He came to Canada as a member of the famed Royal Canadian Artillery Band stationed in Halifax. Later he joined the CBC in Halifax as executive producer in charge of music and arts. By 1981, retired in nearby Chester Basin, he

was asked to become musical director of a reorganized Chester band.

It was a formidable task. Morale was low and discipline lax. Instruments, some of them predating 1930, were antiquated. Not all band members welcomed the bristles on McGowan's stiff new broom. Many left. But gradually "people started to come out of the woodwork" wanting to get involved. With his 32-member band intact McGowan set to work grooming them throughout the spring and summer of 1981 for their first public appearance.

By the fall of that year, McGowan felt the time was right. Local sceptics were not convinced. "They said they could not sell tickets to CBC concerts so how could we expect to get a good turnout," McGowan recalls. But Chester residents came through by packing the local high school for the band's first concert. They were not disappointed by what they saw. Impeccably groomed in their scarlet jackets with Nova Scotia insignias, the band confidently faced its audience, emerging as a disciplined and highly professional group of musicians. "We really became a provincial band," says McGowan. "Everyone went bananas. The whole thing's just rocked the community."

Success quickly bred success. The community was quick to show its pride. A Band Instrument Fund raised over \$13,000 to be used for the purchase of new instruments, the price of which range from \$800 to \$4,000 each. The Royal Canadian Legion donated three new cornets and a local businessman donated over \$1,000 of scallops to raise funds for the band. The chef and staff of The Captain's House Restaurant donated their services for a Christmas dinner dance, a fundraiser which has since become an annual affair in the village.

With a minimum annual operating cost of \$10,000, McGowan admits that "it costs a fortune" for some band members to play with the band. Each person pays \$100 annual membership dues, many have purchased their own instruments and contribute towards travel expenses and uniforms. The only government support is an annual provincial grant of \$1,000 and

\$150 from the Municipality of Chester. Rod Fraser, a local dental surgeon who plays bass trombone says that, given its size, the community has been very supportive. "We get good support from people in the village and there is no doubt that the band enhances the municipality."

The band's recognition and musical acclaim has been hard won. It's obvious that McGowan is the driving force that motivates the musicians, many of whom travel from Liverpool, Wolfville, Bedford and Halifax to attend the six hours of weekly rehearsals. "There's only one good excuse for missing weekly practice and that is a funeral — your own and you have to have a letter," jokes McGowan. Band members cover a broad cross section of society, from students to business executives and doctors, ranging in age from 14 to 55. What they share is a common love of music and the kind of dedication that McGowan demands. "The calibre is the thing that keeps it going," says Fraser. "Gordon demands 100 per cent dedication and commitment."

Eighteen-year-old Jackie Flinn was a member of the Fire Hall Band prior to the reorganization and has played with the Chester Brass Band for four years. "It's a lot of work but it really pays off," says Flinn who plays the organ in her local church as well as tenor horn with the band. Her decision to enter Acadia University in Wolfville this fall was partly influenced by her desire to continue playing in the band. She plans to commute to Chester with a group of people from Wolfville for weekly rehearsals.

As a musical ambassador, the Chester Brass Band has done much to bring recognition not only to Chester but to Nova Scotia itself. One couple from North Carolina told McGowan after the band's success this spring, "If you can make music like that in Chester then we want to visit it." McGowan, however, is frustrated that, despite the acclaim it has received, the band still does not have a permanent home and is forced to hold weekly rehearsals in one of three local institutions. "The village hasn't realized what it's got," he says. Having a permanent location is one of McGowan's dreams as he continues to polish and improve the band's already high standard of performance. Another goal is to start a junior instrumental program out of the band. "There is no reason why Chester cannot have a junior brass band of the same calibre as the senior band," says McGowan confidently. "We've really put Chester on the map, musically speaking."

McGowan still feels the band has not yet reached its full potential. "I have a sound image in my head that I am aiming at and we are about halfway there." However, he concedes, the Chester Brass Band's successful showing in the North American Brass Band Championships was indeed a sweet moment to savor: "It exceeded my wildest dreams."



# FIRST FOR FRUIT

**R**ich, ruby-red, sun-ripened strawberries, cool, emerald-green slices of kiwi fruit, a little sugar, and a hint of lemon: combine them in a tasty summer treat that's sure to please. The secret? Fresh fruit. From Save-Easy.

Year-round, Save-Easy's produce specialists select fine fruits in season from orchards and gardens around the world — golden tropical bananas; crisp, juicy, Maritime apples; creamy-smooth Bartlett pears; peaches and plums bursting with aromatic flavour; oranges; grapefruit; tangy, in-comparable, wild blueberries. Put fresh fruit on your table every day, for health, economy, and a taste of paradise. This week, try Save-Easy's...

## Strawberry and Kiwi Fruit Salad

To serve six:

- 4 cups fresh strawberries
- 4 kiwi fruit
- 4 cups lemon juice
- 2 tbsp. fruit sugar
- 1/4 cup fruit sugar

Wash, hull and halve strawberries; cut in 1/4" slices.

Place the fruit in a salad bowl and toss gently with sugar and lemon juice. Chill for at least an hour before serving.



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# The rites of summer: feasts over the BBQ

*Eat, drink and be merry. Tomorrow it might rain*

by Gordon Thomason

**W**hile our summers may be brief they are often glorious. Cloudless skies, a burning sun and even, in some parts, sea water warm enough in which to swim.

It's a time to be outdoors, a time to throw caution to the wind and flaunt those silly caps and aprons. With a glass in one hand (Harry Bruce, a page over, will suggest how to fill it) and long-handled tongs in the other, it's a time to bow before that altar on which so much has been sacrificed — the backyard barbecue.

This year, decide that your barbecues are going to be wondrous feasts, something more than just a mess of hamburgers or a slab of steak grilled to a tasteless chunk. There is an art to being an accomplished outdoors chef and we've collected tips from a variety of experts. The specialists who handle big chicken barbecues even have a preferred brand of charcoal briquets, Degelis, from the little town in Quebec of the same name. You may have discovered a kind that works perfectly for you.

Obviously, temperature is key and so is having the layer of coals as even as possible to avoid hotspots. Don't forget to have a squirter of water ready to douse flare-ups, although the recommended chicken baster is just as effective against the flames as it is for the fowl.

A few bay leaves crumbled and scattered over the coals makes for a very nice aroma, and it probably does something for whatever you may be grilling.

Here, then: recipes for summer feasts. Don't forget salads, baked potatoes, vegetables and rolls. A well-balanced meal doesn't just mean one that stays on the plate even though you have forgotten to level off the legs on the old picnic table!

## FISH

Select cuts that are at least 1 inch thick to prevent drying out. Measure fish at thickest part and barbecue 10-14 minutes per inch thickness or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. *Do not overcook.* Allow an extra 5 minutes cooking time when fish is barbecued in foil. Out of foil, grease all grills and racks. A hinged wire basket is a great help in handling fish (and chicken). Cooking times will

vary because of local conditions, so check often for readiness. Let's repeat: *Do not overcook.*

## Grilled Swordfish

Swordfish steaks  
Salt  
Black pepper  
Vegetable oil

Allow 1/2 lb. swordfish per person; steaks should be cut 1 in. thick for ease of turning. Frozen swordfish should be thawed. Wipe swordfish steaks with damp cloth, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brush very lightly with vegetable oil. Place steaks 4 in. from broiler or over barbecue coals. Cook for 5 minutes on one side then turn. Sprinkle second side with salt and pepper, brush lightly with oil, cook 5 minutes or until fish flakes. Broiled or barbecued swordfish is excellent served with a green vegetable and a baked potato.

## Fillet Kabobs

2 pounds fish fillets  
1/3 cup French dressing  
2 large firm tomatoes, cut into sixths  
2 large green peppers, cut into 1 1/2 inch squares  
1 can (19 ounces) whole potatoes, drained  
2 teaspoons salt  
Few grains pepper  
1/3 cup salad oil

Cut fillets into strips 1 inch wide by 4 inches long. Place in a shallow pan. Pour French dressing over fish and let stand for 30 minutes. Remove fillet strips from dressing. Fold each in half and thread on greased barbecue skewers, alternating with the vegetables. Brush with a sauce made by combining dressing in which fillets were marinated with salt, pepper and salad oil. Place kabobs on a greased grill, about 4 inches from hot coals. Cook 4 to 6 minutes. Turn, brush with sauce and cook 4 to 6 minutes longer, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serves 6.

## Grilled Fillets

2 lbs. Cod or Pollock fillets, thawed  
2 cups bottled barbecue sauce  
1/4 cup salad oil  
Additional barbecue sauce for basting  
Green pepper slices for garnish (optional)



N.S. DEPT. OF FISHERIES/COLDWELL PHOTOGRAPHY







Combine barbecue sauce and salad oil in shallow baking dish. Place fillets in marinade; cover and let stand at least 30 minutes. Grill over hot coals (using grill basket if desired) approximately 3 to 4 minutes on each side, brushing with additional barbecue sauce throughout cooking time. Fish is ready to serve when flesh flakes easily with a fork. Serve garnished with green pepper strips. 6 servings.

### PORK

The right temperature is crucial. You want it crisp and flavorful on the outside, juicy and succulent inside. To test temperature, hold your hand, palm down at cooking level. For low temperature, about 150 to 160°C (300 to 325°F), you'll be able to hold your hand at grill level for 5 to 6 seconds. This is ideal for pork chops, kabobs, and pork ribs. For low medium temperature, about 160 to 170°C (325 to 350°F) you'll only be able to hold your hand at cooking height for 4 seconds. This is right for spit-roasting large pork shoulder, loin, or leg roasts.

#### Barbecued Country-style Ribs

4 lb. country-style spare ribs  
water  
salt  
1/3 cup orange marmalade  
1/4 cup lemon juice  
2 tbsp. soy sauce  
1 clove garlic, finely chopped  
2 tsp. cornstarch  
2 tbsp. water

Place ribs in large saucepan; cover with lightly salted water. Bring to boil; simmer covered 1 hour. Combine marmalade, lemon juice, soy sauce, and garlic in saucepan. Mix cornstarch and water together to make smooth paste; stir into marmalade mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, over medium heat until orange sauce thickens. Drain ribs. Place bone side down on greased barbecue grill. Barbecue over medium coals, turning and basting with orange sauce, for 30 to 40 minutes until ribs are richly glazed. Serves 6.

#### Barbecued Pork-Vegetable Patties

1 1/2 lb. ground pork  
1 medium onion, finely chopped  
1 cup finely chopped celery  
1 cup shredded raw potato  
1 cup shredded carrot  
1 tsp. powdered ginger or sage  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. freshly ground pepper  
1/4 cup lightly packed brown sugar  
1 egg well beaten  
1/2 tsp. allspice  
1 tbsp. corn syrup

Combine pork, onion, celery, potato, carrot, ginger or sage, salt, pepper, and egg in large bowl. Mix thoroughly and form 6 patties 1 inch thick. Blend together brown sugar, allspice, and corn syrup in small saucepan; cook and stir over medium heat until sugar melts. Barbecue patties over low to moderate coals for about 45 minutes or until pork is no longer pink.

Spread brown sugar sauce on patties during last 15 minutes of cooking. Serves 6.

### CHICKEN

First, the recipe for our dual purpose baster and douser.

1/2 cup cooking oil  
1 cup vinegar  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup water

Simply combine the ingredients and keep handy. Baste throughout cooking period.

#### Barbecued Chicken Pieces

Grease the grill by holding it away from the hot coals and lightly brushing with vegetable oil to prevent sticking. Place grill 6" above the coals.

Choose fresh chicken halves, quarters or pieces for grilling. Place the larger, meatier pieces in the centre where the heat is greatest and position the pieces together to prevent heat from escaping through any open spaces.

To keep chicken moist and tender during cooking baste and turn every ten minutes for about 50-90 minutes depending on the size of the pieces. Baste with the sauce (recipe above). Use additional sauces, containing sugar or ketchup, *only* during the final 15 minutes of cooking. Sugar burns, speeding the browning process.

#### Whole Chicken on a Spit

Balance trussed chicken carefully on the spit for even cooking. Centre the chicken between the forks on the spit and fasten securely. Baste chicken frequently.

Have a long narrow drip pan of aluminum foil placed in front of the fire to catch drippings as the chicken rotates.

Cook until leg of chicken is easily twisted or test for doneness with a meat thermometer. Chicken is cooked when thermometer registers 85°C in the thickest part of the thigh muscle. A 3 lb. chicken will take approximately 2 hours to barbecue on a spit.

### BEEF

The beef heat test. Place your palm about 4" from the fire and if you can't hold it there for more than 2 seconds, the fire is hot and ready.

If you insist on salting your steak, do it after cooking to prevent loss of moisture. Turn steaks when bubbles appear on the surface. Barbecue sauces are best applied towards the end of cooking to prevent burning.

The three second heat test. If you can count to three while holding your palm near the coals, the fire is just right. If it's too hot, space the coals. If it's not hot enough, push the coals together and knock off some of the ash.

#### Beef in Beer

3 lbs. round, blade or crossrib steak cut 2" thick  
12 oz. beer

1/4 cup oil  
2 tbsp. cider vinegar  
2 tbsp. brown sugar  
3 onions, thinly sliced  
2 garlic cloves, minced  
1 bay leaf  
1/2 tsp. dried thyme  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. freshly ground pepper  
4 slices bacon, cut in 4  
chopped fresh parsley

Combine beer, oil, vinegar, sugar, one sliced onion, garlic, bay leaf, thyme, salt and pepper and mix well. Pierce steak several times with a thin metal skewer. Place in a bowl and pour marinade over it. Cover and refrigerate 8 hours or overnight. Remove beef from marinade; reserve marinade. Place steak 3" above hot coals. Sear 3-4 minutes on each side. Continue cooking over medium coals or indirect heat approximately 20 minutes per lb. for rare or 25 minutes per lb. for medium, brushing occasionally with marinade. Cook bacon in a frypan and set aside. Place remaining sliced onions into pan and cook until well browned with a pinch of brown sugar and seasoning to taste. Cover steak with onions and bacon pieces. Make slanting slices across the grain to serve. Marinade may be heated and reduced by 1/3 and served as a sauce. Serves 8-10.

#### Barbecued Pot Roast Dinner

4 lbs. blade or cross-rib roast, about 2" thick  
Salt and pepper  
1 cup ketchup  
3 tbsp. flour  
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce  
1 1/2 tbsp. vinegar  
1 tbsp. brown sugar  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
3 potatoes, peeled and quartered  
3 green peppers, seeded and quartered  
2 medium onions, sliced  
3 carrots, cut in 1/2" slices  
2 stalks of celery, cut in 1/2" diagonal slices

Slowly brown the roast on both sides over hot coals. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix together ketchup, flour, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, brown sugar, mustard, 1 tsp. salt and a dash of pepper.

Place browned meat in the centre of a 2-foot length of heavy-duty foil. Top with half the ketchup sauce. Arrange vegetables on top and add remaining sauce. Bring long ends of foil together and make a double fold; turn sides up and seal securely.

Place double thickness of foil over grill. Bake packaged roast and vegetables over slow coals about 1 1/2-2 hours or until meat is tender. (Check by unfolding a small section of foil on top and piercing meat with a long fork; be careful not to let sauce run out.)

When done, carefully remove vegetables to a warm serving dish and place meat on a warm platter. Pour sauce into gravy boat. Serves 8-10.



## History and summer in one bottle — Harry Bruce on rum

by Harry Bruce

It's abominable to tart up liquor with umbrellas, flames, spices, syrups, dyes, petals, fruit and vegetables, except in the case of rum. I once thought no bartender, anywhere in the world, had any excuse for making drinks look like fruit markets or Japanese gardens, but then I visited the rummy little nations of Antigua and Barbados, and I was delighted to stand corrected. I sat corrected as well, and sometimes I just lay down on a beach corrected.

For the flowery ornamentation often camouflaged a rum-based wallop that, taken repeatedly, could stiffen any two-fisted drinker. The drinks under the décor were usually red, brown or orange, jammed with shaved ice, fashioned by bartenders capable of casting voodoo spells. These concoctions were as smooth as the breeze from Africa, and somehow culturally appropriate.

They seemed as West Indian as the sugar birds on your breakfast table, the immaculate lizards, cooing doves, feathery trees and extravagant blossoms. They were fabulous after you'd spent an afternoon rolling in the Caribbean surf and lolling in sand under the reliable sun.

The sun is not reliable in Atlantic Canada, and the surf is certainly not Caribbean, but rum's roots are just about as deep here as they are in the West Indies. Moreover, this is the only corner of Canada where rum remains the most popular of all hard liquors; and if you serve it to whatever visitors descend on you from away this summer, you'll be giving them history by the bottle. We are a traditional people.

"All spirits put notions into men's minds, and inspire mythology," Michael Jackson writes in *The Pocket Bartender's Guide*, "but none more than rum, the very origins of which are lost in the smoke of cannon, the clatter of swords, and the clamor of mainbraces being spliced. It was the first national drink of the New World... and the mythology says that the maritime frontiersmen sailed there on a sea of rum."

The Dutch took rum from the West Indies to the East Indies, and Javanese rum soon became popular in Sweden. Rum, according to Jackson, even became "the first national spirit of Australia," and "a formerly Danish town" in the Caribbean "now plays an important part in the German rum trade." The power of the word "rum" was once so great it spawned "rummy" as a term for any drunk, and "rum-runners" for smugglers of any booze.

Moreover, even now on the South Shore of Nova Scotia, rum is the heart of a delicate euphemism for getting drunk on any spirits. In Lewis J. Poteet's intriguing *The South Shore Phrase Book*, a woman replies to a query about her husband by saying, "No, he's not here. He's out with the captain." The captain is Captain Morgan rum, and the husband is simply out getting sloshed.

But in most parts of the drinking world, rum has gradually lost out to such rivals as London gin, vodka, bourbon, scotch and rye. The holdouts, the last standard-bearers of the demon, include the West Indies, the Maritimes, and Newfoundland and Labrador.

*The Dictionary of Newfoundland English* (1982) defines "screech" as the "popular name for a variety of cheap, dark Demerara rum bottled in Newfoundland," and quotes a man who might have been speaking for tens of thousands of Maritimers (whose version of "screech" was "black death") when he said, "God help me with my plebian tastes, but I loves a drop of screech and Pepsi."

In early Halifax, Englishmen founded distilleries to turn West Indian molasses into rum. They made sure the industry became vital to the economy of Nova Scotia, especially to those Haligonians whose livelihood depended on peddling the stuff. Thousands of soldiers and sailors paid local taxes on every drink they downed, and according to Dorothy Duncan's *Bluenose: A Portrait of Nova Scotia* (1942), "The English manufacturers allowed Halifax authorities to levy these taxes in exchange for protection. The familiar saying that one half of Halifax made rum and the other half drank it was founded on more than fancy."

In *Halifax: Warden of the North*, Thomas Raddall wrote, "The West Indies trade had flooded the town with cheap rum (in the late 18th century), much of it made from molasses imported by two Halifax distilleries. These turned out 90,000 gallons a year and we are told that 'the liquor, though inferior, is preferred by laborers and Indians.' Rum was to be had in every store as well as in the numerous taverns and dives. The household keg in the cellar with its spigot and mug were as common a sight as the potato bin or the barrel of salt herring. At one time the cellar under St. Matthew's Church was rented to a vintner and used for the storage of ardent liquors... One of the refinements brought north by the loyalists was a taste for wines; but, even so, rum was king in Halifax for another half century, and drunkenness remained the vice of the age."

Not only in Halifax but all over the Maritimes, rum remained something that all good people recognized as a social blight. "A person who worked in a shipyard told me that the allowance to each workman for the employer was three glasses a day," the Rev. George Patterson wrote in his history of Pictou County, N.S. (1877). "He was confident that on an average each man drank as many more."

"A member of my congregation told me, of himself and others working at a job for ten days or a fortnight in the heat of summer drinking each their quart bottle of rum a day, and not at the time feeling the worse of it, though at the close of that period they felt unfit for work of any sort for the next week or two."

"Men, not content with a glass, would sometimes drink half a pint at a time, or even a pint, and I knew a man who undertook to drink a whole quart at once, and did so, but it nearly cost him his life. He was in such a state that his friends were summoned to him as dying, but he recovered and lived for years, drinking to the end, though he never attempted such a feat as that again."

But my favorite story about down-east rum-drinking comes from the chapter on home remedies in Helen Creighton's *Bluenose Magic*. In Tangier, N.S. the traditional cure for frozen feet was to soak them in rum: "An Indian was told to do this but instead of soaking his feet he drank the rum. When the doctor protested, the Indian looked up happily and said, 'Soon reach toes.'"

On sunny summer days, when there's no danger of freezing your feet, you can celebrate Atlantic Canada's historic links with the West Indies and give guests a sniff of the Caribbean by serving Planter's Punch outdoors.

*The Pocket Bartender's Guide* calls this "a classic mixed drink," insists you use Myers rum from Jamaica, and offers this recipe: "1½ oz. (or more) Jamaica rum, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 3 oz. orange juice (optional), 1 teaspoon sugar..." Shake these with crushed ice, pour into a tall glass, top up with more ice and soda water, churn everything with a spoon, decorate with an orange slice.

From *A Souvenir of Barbados*, here's an even simpler Planter's Punch: "Into a half-pint tumbler put 1 gill (a quarter-pint) of rum, 2 dashes of Angostura bitters, 1½ teaspoons of sugar, a little fresh green lime or a slice of lemon. Add cracked ice, and fill up the glass with water. Grate a little nutmeg on top." Sit back, smell the wind off the ocean, sing a calypso song.

Finally, two pieces of advice: For this drink, use amber or dark rum, not that sissy white stuff; if anyone has to travel by car after your down-east West Indian party, make sure a non-drinker takes the wheel. Whoever invented rum did not do it with automobiles in mind. ☒



# CALENDAR

## NOVA SCOTIA

July 5-7 — Scottish Fiddlers' Festival, Sydney

July 6 — Metro Scottish Festival and Games, Halifax

July 7 — Shore Club Craft Festival: demonstrations, entertainment, children's parade, Hubbards

July 8-13 — Parrsboro Old Home Week: parade, pageant, midway, Parrsboro

July 10-13 — Centennial Days: parade, beerfest, sportsmen's meet,

pageant, concert, Trenton

July 10-14 — Festival Acadien de Clare: pageant, parade, lumberjack contest, Acadian Mass, Municipality of Clare

July 12-13 — Judique-on-the-Floor Days: concert, track & field events, Scottish heavy events, outdoor ceilidh and beer garden, Judique

July 12-13 — Maritime Old Time Fiddling Contest, Dartmouth

July 12-14 — Antigonish Highland Games: Scottish festival, Antigonish

July 14-Aug. 18 — Cheticamp Bicentennial Celebrations, Cheticamp

July 14-21 — Whycomomagh Summer

Festival: dances, concert, sports events, tug-of-war, pageant, arts & crafts, Whycomomagh

July 15-21 — Gaelic Festival: concerts, parade, workshops in Gaelic singing, piping, violin and step-dancing, Sydney

July 19-21 — Festival Acadien a Ste-Anne-du-Ruisseau: parade, bazaar, dances, pageant, ox haul, Ste. Anne du Ruisseau

July 20-27 — River John Bicentennial Celebrations: parade, arts & crafts, dance, fireworks, River John

July 20-28 — Guysborough Come Home Week: dances, parades, pageant, Guysborough

July 24-28 — Festival Acadien de L'Ardoise, L'Ardoise

July 25-28 — Glooscap Festival: pageant, fair, dances, Five Islands

July 25-28 — Orangedale Come Home '85 Celebrations: concerts, dances, parade, Orangedale

July 26-28 — 14th Annual Nova Scotia Bluegrass and Oldtime Music Festival, Ardoise

July 26-Aug. 4 — Smokey Hollow Holidays: water events, beer garden, concert, dances, Country Harbour

July 28 — Broad Cove Concert: Scottish concert, Broad Cove

July 30-Aug. 4 — South Shore Exhibition: agricultural exhibition, Bridgewater

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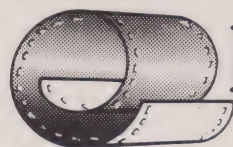
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765-4331  
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893-9387

### NEW BRUNSWICK

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Moncton  
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Lockwood Jewellers  
Riverview Mall  
Riverview  
386-7512

Centerville Mall  
Shediac  
532-4507

Lancaster Mall  
St. John  
672-6132

King's Place  
Fredericton  
454-7575

Grandfalls  
Shopping Mall  
Grandfalls  
473-5227

Madawaska Centre  
St. Basile  
739-9722

Carrefour Assomption  
Edmundston  
739-8847

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 1-7 — Canadian Heritage Festival: over 100 performers from across Canada will put on shows in 8 locations across the Island

July 6 — Carleton Day: pet and bicycle show, booths, country & western entertainment, bingo, Carleton

July 12-14 — Georgetown Days: parade, variety show, pageant, dances, arm wrestling championship, bingo, Georgetown

July 13-14 — Strawberry Fair: traditional music, Scottish dancers, games and entertainment, Rural Life Museum, Orwell Corner

July 15-18 — Charlottetown Regatta and Race Week: yacht races, barbecues, reception, awards banquet, Charlottetown Harbour

July 15-21 — P.E.I. Potato Blossom Festival: car rally, variety show, harness racing, pageant, children's activities, parade, booths, O'Leary

July 17-20 — Belfast Days: dances, demolition derby, parade, pageant, bingo, bicycle races, Pinette

July 17-21 — Northside Strawberry Festival: parade, beach party, dances, sports, water events, ice cream and strawberries, Morell

July 21-27 — Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition: Summerside

July 25-28 — Northumberland Provincial Fisheries Festival: Murray River

July 26-27 — Kensington Area Tour-



ist Days: jamboree, softball tournament, variety concert, Kensington

July 26-28 — Emerald Days: dance, races, games of chance, entertainment, pony & hay rides, Emerald

July 27 — Crapaud Provincial Exhibition and Truck Pull: Crapaud

July 27 — National Beach Volleyball Championship, P.E.I. National Park

July 28 — Richmond Summerfest: dances, tug-o-war, children's events, demolition derby, Richmond

July 28 — P.E.I. National Park's Islander Day: giant sand sculpture contests, exhibits, Brackley Beach

#### NEW BRUNSWICK

July 4-6 — 25th Annual Potato Festival, Hartland

July 10-14 — Hospitality Days, Bathurst

July 12 — 4th Annual Wheel Chair Race, Dieppe

July 12-14 — Annual Men's Fastball Tournament, Riverview

July 12-14 — Country Fair, Bass River

July 13-14 — Carleton County Strawberry & Bluegrass Festival, Woodstock

July 13-14 — Celebration of the Irish Weekend, Kings Landing

July 13-20 — Home Coming Days, Hillsborough

July 13-21 — Clam Festival, Saint-Simon

July 14-21 — Fisheries Festival, Shipagan

July 17-20 — Quilt '85: YWCA quilting competition, Saint John

July 18-20 — Eighth Annual Loyalist Days Antique Show Sale, Saint John

July 19-21 — Canada's Irish Cultural Festival, Chatham

July 19-21 — Summer Festival, Lac Baker

July 20 — Labatt Triathlon, Lac Baker

July 21-27 — Loyalist Days Festival, Saint John

July 21-27 — Old Home Week, St. Martins

July 26 — Sand Sculpture Contest, Parlee Beach, Shediac

July 27-28 — Cocagne Bazaar, Cocagne

July 27-Aug. 3 — Woodstock Old Home Week, Woodstock

July 27-Aug. 5 — Foire Brayonne, Edmundston

July 28-Aug. 4 — Bon Ami Festival, Dalhousie

#### NEWFOUNDLAND

July 4-7 — Cow Head Lobster Festival: lobster dinners, crafts & traditional entertainment, Cow Head

July 6-7 — Hangashore Folk Festival: traditional music, storytelling, arts & crafts sales & demonstrations, Corner Brook

July 7 — Labrador Air Show: featuring military aircraft from the NATO countries, Happy Valley/Goose Bay

July 11-18 — Sound Symposium: explorations in the creation of new art through the dimensions of sound as created by dancers, musicians, actors, artists and scientists; a world-class event, St. John's

July 12-13 — Brimstone Head Folk Festival: traditional entertainment, Fogo

July 12-14 — Newfoundland and Labrador Craft Developers Association Fair: display & sale of crafts by artisans from across the province, St. John's

July 15-Aug. 3 — Stephenville Festival: summer theatre featuring plays from Broadway to Newfoundland; Stephenville

Mid July to late Aug. — Signal Hill Tattoo: a military pageant of foot drills with muskets and formations, St. John's

July 15-21 — French Shore Shrimp Festival: Port Saunders

July 18-21 — 2nd Annual Trinity Festival: traditional entertainment, Trinity

July 22 — Harbour Grace Annual Regatta: Harbour Grace

July 25-26 — Fish, Fun and Folk Festival: traditional entertainment, Twillingate

July 27-28 — 6th Annual Labrador Heritage Folk Festival: local entertainment, arts & crafts, Happy Valley/Goose Bay

July 28 — Southern Shore Seafood Festival: games of chance, dory races, seafood dinners, dance, Ferryland

July 28-Aug. 4 — Come Alive in '85 on Bell Island: Bell Island



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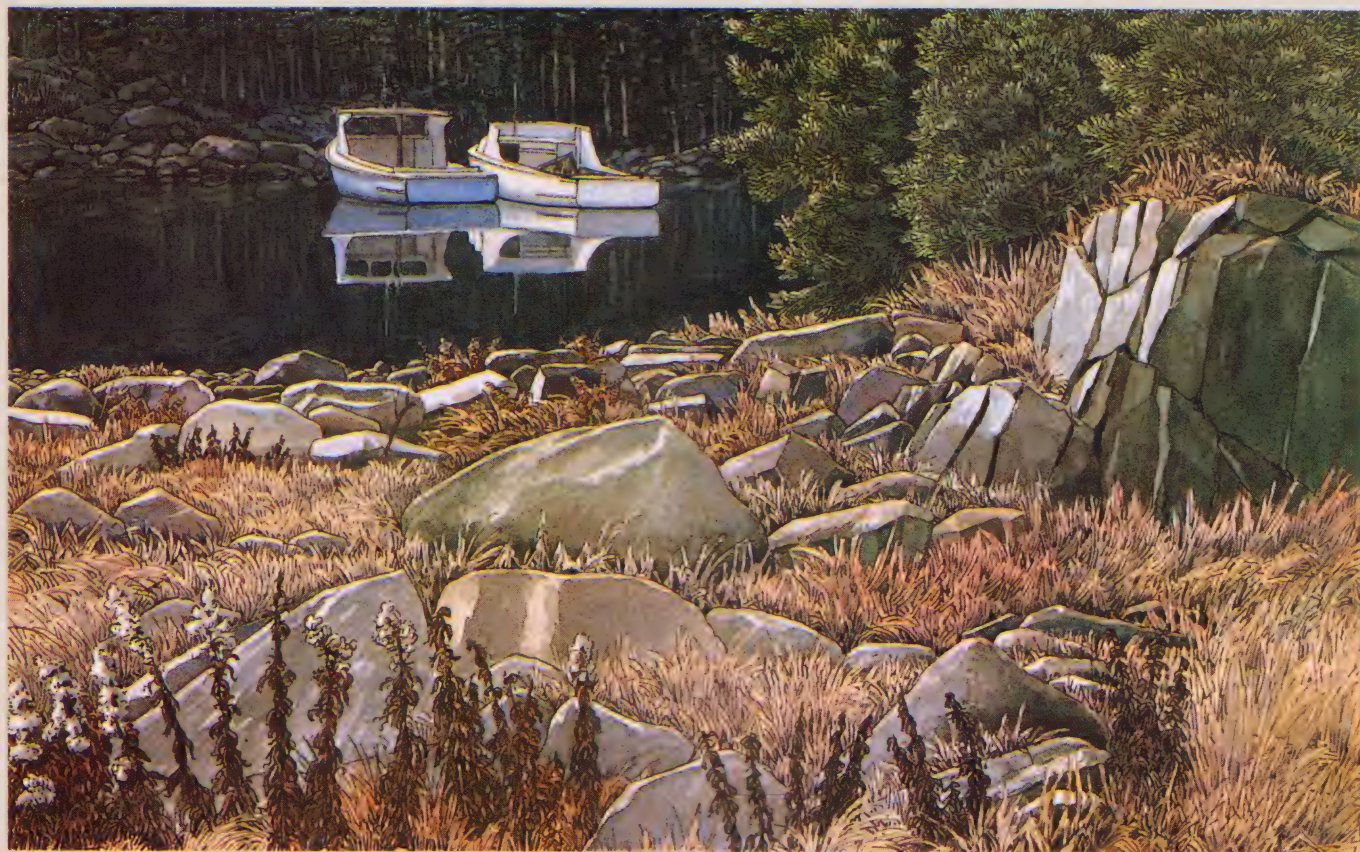
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"Deep Cove": recording aspects of the world that have disappeared from Europe

## Quiet coves far from war

*With his cool and subdued tones, Karl Hanke's landscapes and seascapes are almost the visual equivalent of silence. They reflect the peace he has found in the quiet coves of Nova Scotia's South Shore*

by Pat Murphy

Just before dawn on an unseasonably cold Easter Sunday in 1946, Karl Hanke and two other German soldiers escaped a prisoner of war camp in Soviet-held Poland and fled. They trudged 300 miles through hostile territory, dodging bullets, walking through minefields and surviving on roots and whatever else they could scratch from the earth of a devastated Europe. Eventually, Hanke made it to his home in Baden-Baden.

Today Karl Hanke, a singularly unpretentious artist, makes his home at Upper Blandford, N.S., just west of Halifax — a long way in time, spirit and distance from postwar Germany. But Hanke's flight from bad memories continues. It finds expression in his art, which constitutes a quest for inner peace.

When he reflects on the experience of his internment and escape, he says: "Having survived that I've never had a problem being confident about what I do." Confidence, in the world of artists, is often

another word for egotism. This is distinctly not the case with Hanke.

Indeed, a distinct lack of *hubris* still characterizes the man almost 40 years after his flight from prison. And that's something that reveals itself in the kind of art he pursues diligently these days — finely detailed watercolors and pastels created from sketches of quiet coves and backwaters along Nova Scotia's South Shore. Some of the paintings impress a viewer immediately because of the subtle application of a wide range of color. Yet the tones are cool and subdued.

The result is Hanke's landscapes and seascapes come across almost as visual equivalents of silence, something that, given the din and blare of modern life, surprises us when we attend to it.

There is additional concrete evidence of his modesty and ease with his role as an artist — he carefully resists pricing his paintings beyond the reach of the average person. His watercolors are priced at about \$300 and some pastels are even

lower. That habit sometimes annoys dealers who depend on commissions and who have keen, practised eyes for well-heeled customers.

But Hanke seems quite happy, even buoyant, about how he assesses and markets his work. "I'd much rather see my paintings go into as many homes as possible than make a lot of money from any one of them," he says. "Besides, I really enjoy what I do and where I do it. I'm grateful for the freedom, the peace, the beauty here. I'm rewarded in those ways."

There's another side to the coin. He says his pension, while it doesn't enable luxuries, is enough to provide for the basic needs. Hanke is a romantic. He doesn't paint for profit, even though he is very skilled and has a dedication born of old-world discipline and training. In that respect, he is an anomaly in today's inflation-ridden, art-for-investment-sake world where the price of something is more often than not regarded as a sign of its value.

But because Hanke is so good there is a refreshing marketplace irony, one that Elizabeth Manuge of Manuge Galleries in Halifax suggests. "His paintings sell very quickly and many collectors buy them despite the fact that they are priced so low."

Hanke was born in Marburg, Germany, in 1919. His parents moved to Austria when he was five and later they settled in Baden-Baden, a fashionable spa at



## ART



Hanke: a true-blue Maritimer

the edge of the Black Forest. He moved to Canada in 1954 and today thinks of himself as a true-blue Maritimer.

But it was some time before he found the solitude of the South Shore. He was called back to Germany in 1956 to care for his parents, who had fallen ill. But in 1959, he returned with his wife, Imgard, and daughter, Dean, to work as a commercial artist at a Montreal advertising agency. The pay was good, which enabled

him to pursue his own painting privately and, in time, find places to exhibit.

In the early 1960s, Hanke joined about 100 other artists who were showing their works every Sunday in parks. "It was almost like going to a fair," says Hanke, "We had fun." On top of that, his work began to sell quite well. So well, in fact, that he was approached by the owners of a big Toronto gallery, a place with which he still maintains a loose connection.

During those years, the Hanks spent several summer vacations in Nova Scotia and became intrigued with the land and the people. In 1972 they bought a few acres near Blandford and began putting down roots. "We had found home," says Hanke. "This is where we wanted to be and I can say truthfully that the past 13 years in Nova Scotia have been the happiest years of our lives."

Their small, comfortable house faces straight out on the Atlantic. It's a far cry from the landlocked region where he spent his childhood. But in some ways the house seems as if it could have been transported from that time and place. Behind it are spruce trees that invite you to explore the world outdoors. It clearly affects Hanke's attitude about his art.

His paintings are the kind that make you look with fresh eyes at scenes that you might ordinarily regard as bleak. That is partly because he employs old world motifs and techniques.

Hanke didn't study art as a youth but he had a bent for drawing and often sketched out-of-the-way, unpeopled scenes. He began his studies and working at painting in Baden-Baden in the late 1940s and early '50s, the years of Germany's *Wirtschaftswunder*. This incredible economic recovery involved not only retooling industry and rebuilding cities. It also helped revitalize the visual arts, particularly Expressionism, the movement that flour-



IN THE WORLD OF RUMS, THIS ONE STA





"Blandford": fine pen strokes and cool and subdued tones are Hanke's forte

ished in northern Europe from the turn of the century until Hitler took power and suppressed artists' freedom as he twisted their imagery to serve his purposes.

Expressionism, along with the much more formal output of the Bauhaus design school, strongly influenced the style of new, illustrated publications. Consequently, Hanke's work in graphic design during those years was an avenue to wider interests in art. Today, he often


refers to himself as an "illustrator" but he uses the term in a broad sense that indicates the kind of art often compatible with, and sometimes married to, graphic illustration.

He says Albrecht Dürer — Germany's master during the late Renaissance — strongly affected the way he approaches his work. Dürer delighted in applying clearly thought-out scientific principles in his work, and also captured intense feel-

ings in his religious prints. "In his woodcuts," says Hanke, "Dürer accomplished what I always wanted to do." He had also been influenced by the tortured Dutch master Vincent Van Gogh, who straddled impressionism and expressionism before he killed himself in 1890, and Max Beckmann, a German expressionist who lived in Amsterdam during the Second World War.

While he is influenced by expressionists, Hanke regards himself as a formalist and a realist — as evidenced by his watercolors and pastels. The style lends itself to his feeling for unpeopled natural scenes. His works are done with fine pen strokes that help define colors and shapes and the technique sits well with his desire to record aspects of the world that he thinks have disappeared in his native country. "Modern Germany has become over-industrialized and over-populated. It has gone too far."

As for practising abstraction — the dominant style in expressionism — Hanke says it requires arduous concentration on form and color, which requires much more time than the kind of work he produces.

No doubt it would also take away from the many hours the man spends outside, enjoying the solitude of Nova Scotia's woods and coves. And judging from the paintings he has produced so far, the people of this region and the rest of Canada would miss that as much as he would. 



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## PHOTOESSAY

# A day in the life of Atlantic Canada

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noteworthy photography. The day was June 8, 1984. According to project co-ordinator Rick Smolan, the idea was to create “a visual time capsule.” Similar books have been done on Australia and Hawaii, and the three together have had sales of over half a million copies. Two films made for public television

have been based on the photos, plus two travelling exhibitions and a calendar. There has been a clamor of requests from the photographic communities in other countries for similar events. Some even say the concept has revived the practice of photojournalism. About 100,000 pictures were snapped for *A Day in*







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*the Life of Canada* and nearly 200 selected. The following are some from Atlantic Canada. The book was printed by Collins Publishers of Toronto. Another selection from the 100,000 photos was made for an exhibition, sponsored by American Express Canada, Inc., which will be in Atlantic Canada in 1987. ☒

Dancing *The Enchanted Slipper* at St. John's Arts and Culture Centre





Top: Percy A. Hicken, proprietor of C.H. Hicken & Son General Store at Sturgeon, P.E.I., greets the day much as he has for most of this century. At 87, Hicken has worked at the store for 62 years

Playing in the schoolyard on a foggy day is a common affair on the Atlantic coast. Not all children, however, attend a school with as much character as this one, which dominates the high ground above Lunenburg, N.S.



Nothing is closer to the daily life of Atlantic Canada than fishing and its various spinoffs — such as working in the fish plant. At the Bay Chaleur Packers plant in Caraquet, N.B., women known as “casseuses” — shuckers — get every last bit of meat out of crab legs.





Drying clothes on Grand Manan Island, N.B., can be very difficult affair at times





## OLKS

**T**hink back about your favorite toys and chances are a rocking horse was one of them. **Ted Faulkner** and crew of Fredericton are as busy as Santa's elves making updated versions of these old favorites for — that's right — the coming Christmas season. Faulkner, an appropriately jovial sort, came to Fredericton several years ago from his native England where he worked making the upholstered steeds in his father's factory. After finding success back home, Faulkner says,

Faulkner: return of the rocking horse

it was time to give this part of the globe a try. "We made the decision then that the only way for this particular toy to be successful in the North American market was not to export it from England but to make it here. And that's what we're doing now in a big way." So successful has this venture been that Faulkner's stuffed fillies are going to be featured in major Canadian department stores this season. There's also a hope that the horses will be a hit south of the border. "We went to visit a major Boston toy retailer last autumn, unannounced, and within 45 minutes we came out of there with an order worth \$76,000. It was proof that the dream was right." To keep pace with the demand, the company has moved into expanded quarters and is soon to add staff. Owners' reactions? "When they see these things their eyes light up. And then they want to put their arms around its neck, and they want to ride it, of course. It's a pleasure to see, really. It's quite beautiful."

**I**'ve seen them fall down laughing!" says 66 year old **Andy MacDonald**, creator of his own dummy farm in Port Elgin, N.B. A visit to this unusual "gallery" costs a dollar. Visitors can view over 500 comical mannequins that are propped up by trees or stand around the perimeter of a small duck pond. MacDonald is from Sydney Mines, Cape Breton. He went

south after World War Two and lived in Virginia for 37 years, returning to the Maritimes each summer. He's been a farm hand, baker, milkman, delivery man, ice-cream man, exterminator, travelling salesman, factory worker, corker and rigger on a ferry, tax man, and a worker in a paper factory. But above all his favorite occupation is making people laugh. How did he get started making dummies? "Growing up I was always the funniest one of the bunch," he says. Through the years friends urged him to do imitations of relatives and he was quick to oblige. His dummies are caricatures of individuals that he has known, and he has been producing them for the last 18 years. The raw materials for his art come from the Salvation Army or donations of old clothes and junk. The dummy farm even has a money-back guarantee. A sign on his door says "If you don't laugh, we pay you." The dummy farm is gaining a reputation. An art gallery in Burnaby, B.C., displayed 50 of his creations for two months and there's been interest from television and print media. MacDonald is also the author of two books of humor — *Don't Slip on the Soap and Bread and Molasses*. Another, *Tell Pa I'm Dead*, is now in the works. Andy MacDonald is no dummy.

**T**he residents of Rustico, P.E.I., have published their own telephone book because Island Tel's just doesn't do the job. The official phone book lists only proper names, something Rustico residents rarely use. It's no wonder — there are more than 100 Gallants, five named Jim and eight named Joe. To sort them all out, locals use nicknames. One Joe is called Joe Lacris, another Lolly Felix. Then there are Justin Johnny George and Petun. All are listed simply as Joe Gallant in Island Tel's book but in the local book they're unique and individual people with names you may not understand but that you'd never forget. The home and school association published the book because outsiders had such a tough time identifying residents. "So many people have similar names that nicknames are the only way to distinguish people," says **Gail Saunders**, known locally as Gail Gussie. For example, one outsider couldn't find Andy Gallant until he said he was looking for Bubbins. Then he was shown a house only a few steps away. At the Rustico wharf you can hear some humdinger nicknames among the lobstermen. **Paul Gallant** will tell you he is Paul Freddie Joe Charlie (although some call him Paul Marion). "It's a necessity," he explains. "I've had people come in here and ask for Lee Gallant. I didn't know if they wanted Lee Baby Mosie, Lee Austin Cyriac, Leo Joe LaCris, or Hubba Calin." Things can also get confusing at the post office, but the postmaster seems to know every name in the book. "My husband's nephew lives in Nova Scotia," says Gail (Gussie) Saunders. "For a joke he sent my younger brother in Rustico a letter addressed to Scott Gussie Joe Solomon and



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it got here?" But the real question is: what does the postmaster do with a letter addressed to Joe Gallant?

It's always been my fashion to collect things," says **Patrick O'Neill**, 70, of Conche, Nfld. "If I picked up anything, I'd always save it. I'd shove it in the store saying it might come in for something." Among O'Neill's most prized possessions: an 1836 Harpers Ferry rifle, dating to the first year percussion guns were issued to American troops. History is the second of O'Neill's passions and the range goes from Greek to American to Newfoundland. In Conche, O'Neill is the acknowledged expert on the region's history but questions put to him have ranged from local issues to the number of Spartans slain at the battle of Thermopylae. Despite his wide-ranging interests, O'Neill has left Conche only once — to accompany his father to the hospital in St. Anthony. But his passion for collecting and history has made him friends and drawn letters from across North America. It is a rare visitor, indeed, who is not sooner or later directed to O'Neill's crowded parlor for a friendly soft drink and an informal tour of the Northern Peninsula's largest collection of artifacts. But antique collectors beware! A few years ago, someone tried to buy O'Neill's priceless Harpers Ferry rifle for a few dollars. He was treated to an impromptu lecture on the role of firearms in the Civil War, accompanied, for illustration's sake, by a convincing amount of weapons brandishing. "He took me for a madman," says O'Neill, "and made for the door the moment I turned my back to him." The fellow never returned.

O'Neill: "If I picked up anything, I'd always save it."

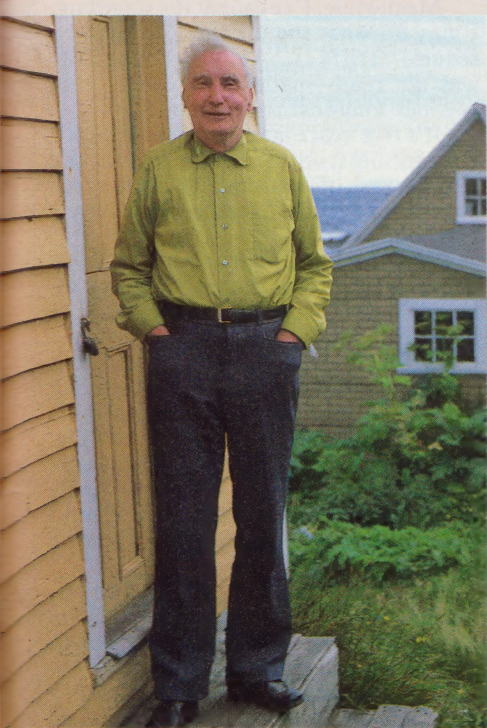


MacDonald: model sailing ship builder

He's talking about giving up his well-known hobby — making model sailing ships — but when the crunch comes it's unlikely **Joe MacDonald** of Borden, P.E.I., can do it. "I have two or three in the basement and when I finish those I have a hunch I might wind it up." Joe, 72, and his wife, Annie, have lived in the big house at Howatt and Haig streets for 52 years. They may find an apartment — perhaps on Nova Scotia's ship-lore-steeped South Shore — so he won't have room for models. Never mind, he sells them all anyway, for anywhere between \$100 and \$175. Sailing ships have always fascinated him and he's made about 150 models in his spare time since 1947. A highly detailed square rigger, complete with hand-made blocks and deadeyes, takes about three months if he does nothing else. He prefers three- or four-masted vessels to two-masted schooners as they look better. It's also easier to capture their lines. "I've made five *Bluenose* models — from plans — and never got one right." Of the hundreds of tiny *Bluenoses* he's seen, only one — a six-footer — was right. While he worked on ships for 35 years as a fireman and oiler for CN Marine, he's been aboard a sailing vessel only once — on a Halifax Harbour cruise on *Bluenose II*. But in his quest for modelling perfection, he scouted out all the South Shore's old sailing masters to talk about their ships. He's a walking encyclopaedia of Maritime ship lore, and customers and other modellers have sought his advice. His favorite model was the *Marco Polo*, the world's fastest ship when built in Saint John in 1851. Joe's wondering about selling the house, but first he has to replace a sailing-ship weather vane. The wind took the last one. Can he give up his hobby? "Well, if I ever

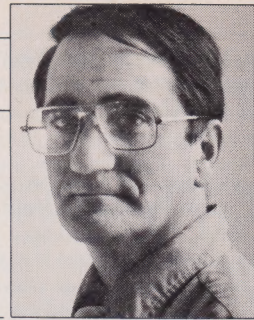
sold this place . . ." In the end he admits it'll be hard.

How lucrative is a farm that grows little else besides acres of flowers meant to be dried? **Georg Vogel** wondered that himself as he settled on his farm at Bayhead on Nova Scotia's Northumberland shore four years ago. "I worked with dried flowers in Germany," he says. "I thought there might be a good market here. Dried flowers in Canada are all European imports, mostly from Holland." These days Vogel grows 15 varieties of flowers on 10 acres of farmland. Over 1,000 annuals are seeded in a coldframe greenhouse, then transplanted into the fields by hand. All flowers are hand-picked, tied into bunches, left to hang in a drying room for 24 to 40 hours, and then stored in barns until ready for use. Although the business didn't boom initially, Vogel now sells over 15,000 arrangements per year. He sells the flowers in bulk, plus makes wreaths, and large and small basket arrangements. He supplies so many customers in the Toronto area that this year he took his flowers to the annual spring flower show in Toronto for the first time. Torontonians eagerly bought his most recent innovation, the simple birch ball. These five to 12 inch plain balls, shaped from intertwined birch twigs, are easily transformed into colorful spheres by inserting flowers into the spaces between the twigs. Vogel also grows vegetables for the Halifax Farmer's Market. "I try to make a living off the flowers. But it's difficult in a country with a small population and long distances." People close to Bayhead are lucky. With basket or birch ball in hand, one can stroll Vogel's Blockhouse barn and personally select flowers for individual arrangements. A touch of summer preserved for years.



PETER GARRO





# Columnist writes stage play, becomes warped for life

**A**nd so to bed, sick of life," was a common whine of diarist Samuel Pepys.

So it is with freelance writers. It's an uneven way of life. Jobs come either in thick bunches or they don't come at all.

Whether it's feast or famine it's hard on the nerves. Sitting around flinging shoes at the cat is every bit as strenuous as thinking up ways to mollify six editors at once when their deadlines have whizzed past like express boxcars. One side effect of this strain is that you come to have the personality of a porcupine with ingrown quills.

For all that, there's no better job. It's never dull and there are always surprises. You take, for instance, "Triff the Stiff."

That's my short title for a stage play I wrote this spring. "Young Triffie's Been Made Away With." The body of young Tryphenia Maude Pottle, retarded daughter of the maniacal Pastor William Henry Pottle is found on the beach by . . . et cetera.

It was my first experience. A wonderful one it was, too. While it lasted there was no going "to bed, sick of life."

*Atlantic Insight* made mention of this threat to W. Shakespeare in the May issue. It's curious how your own hype comes back to haunt you. My wife does consume a fair number of trashy novels. . . "the ruination of a once-fine mind" I tell her . . . but this wasn't really my first inspiration.

Money was. A group of local artistes somehow scraped together enough money to do a freshly-written play. As we went along, I caught a hint of how hard and soul-sickening it is these days to dredge up money for "the arts."

All the tales of woe you've heard in recent months are true. The Mulroney administration's massacre of arts and culture funds is as deadly as Agent Orange. There was waste and frivolity and self-indulgence under the old system but now I fear we'll see formula pap.

One good thing, though, about being a freelancer in Newfoundland — or for that matter, Atlantic Canada — is that you must be prepared to do wild and wierd things.

If the market here was bigger and broader there are those of us who would never dream of attempting a play or ghost-writing some old codger's memoirs or doing a commercial about "burning rectal itch."

But here, with a pile of bills the chief incentive, we take a snap at almost anything.

School janitors in this area nearly did in "Triff the Stiff" for the second time. About 100 of them went on strike which put about 12,000 students out of school for nearly three weeks. . . our two blessings included. I would bawl at them to get outdoors and play hopscotch in a blizzard and then heave the typewriter at the cat.

"Parenting" chez Guy hasn't been the same since. I would try out "Triff the Stiff" lines by roaring out things like "You Witch of Endor, you a\*\*-licker of Satan, you fornicating jezebel. . ." and it became increasingly difficult to prise the little dears from under the bed.

## *Freelancers in Atlantic Canada must be prepared to do wild and weird things*

"Triff" also helped me to my first stomach ulcer. You think editors are the only ones who ride you about trifles like deadlines? Compared to stage producers they are but Gandhi to Himmler.

Medication, both pharmaceutical and bottled-in-bond, got me through. But some combination of pills and/or substances struck me damn nigh dumb on the very day a Montreal movie producer asked me out to lunch. I sounded like a gramophone with a sprung mainspring and damit, I suppose now the Oscar will have to wait.

First night is a thousand deaths for scriveners of stage plays. Suppose the audience laughs at the wrong bits. . . or not at all. I missed my opening by the simple means of taking aboard so much Dutch Courage as to be rendered horizontal.

"Well received," reported the local critics going on to say that the dialogue was adequate but the plot was nowhere in sight and the structure nonexistent.

There was no news of rotten eggs or vegetation being flung so next night I trotted along myself.

Cashews who choose to write for a liv-

ing meet various reactions, depending on the medium. A piece in a newspaper might get you a few letters the next day, in magazines the next month, in books or TV, the next year. But nothing increases the size of your head like the stage.

Reaction, good or bad, is visible, audible and immediate. Exactly *that* many people are groaning, hooting, laughing or applauding. You think, "OK, ladies and gents, get ready for another dashed good giggle in exactly 8.5 seconds," and it happens. It could warp you for life.

It's gratifying, too, because you can see that even a scribbler does his bit for the economy, for society. He has helped create this much entertainment, this much employment for this many people, has caused this much cash to be turned over. Freelancers sometimes feel they're at the bottom of the heap. Here is a cure.

In my own case it was cure also for middle-age madness. I got caught up in a few revelries with the youthful (compared to pudge-gut pappy, here) artistes. Downtown St. John's might not be the Vienna Woods but a few nights of it nearly put me under with Young Triffie.


Something of all this must be what keeps going those connected with the stage. It's a gruelling life and it pays peanuts. Politicians who would cut their meagre dole are the sort that kick over baby carriages for recreation.

Meanwhile, I've caught the stage bug. I may do what the big boys do, write a sequel, "Triffy II." Ah, yes, Young Triff was not really made away with. . . that was her long-lost twin sister.

It's five years later, the mad Pastor's been sprung from the lunatic asylum and another rash of dead and mutilated sheep breaks out over the once-peaceful Swyers Harbour.

Was the Pastor sprung too early or does this mean that the troubled war veteran, Vincy Bishop, has returned from New Zealand to where he bolted from the law in 1947? And what of the law? Is it true that the stalwart Ranger Hepditch has turned to politics and has joined the rest in plundering the public chest? Did Mrs. Melrose really succumb to a massive dose of morphine? Was Billy Head really the innocent youth of nature? Will aunt Milly Bishop and old man Washbourne actually. . . ?

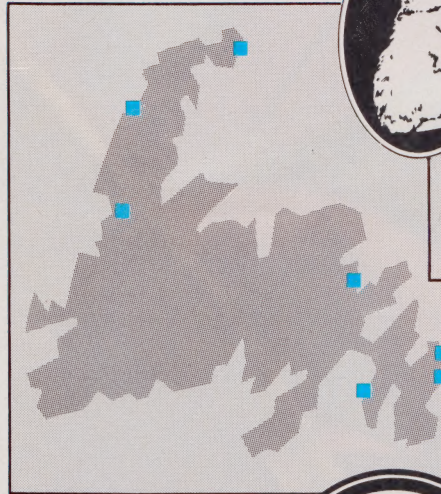
I can see it now. Albums, T-shirts, videos, screen adaptations, paper backs, kiddie spinoffs. Young Triffie goes to Hollywood, that sort of thing.

J.B., sweetheart, can we take a lunch on Friday? 



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# A taste for adventure



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